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EGYPTIAN KEY

JULY, 1944

Vol. 1 No. 6

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The Open Door

Not By Air Mail

Is it possible to get EGYPTIAN KEY via air mail? If so put me on the subscription list and send me a statement, including cost of air mail stamps for one year. I'm lucky about getting most all magazines, the *Chicago Daily News, Tribune,* and *Post Dispatch.* Have a good contact with captain of base for those I have not already subscribed for. I don't get the KEY though! Have a grand job and am having the time of my life—honestly. Wouldn't have missed the experience for the world. Am assistant communications officer for an advance Naval Base and in training for Communications Officer, to replace a man who will be eligible to go back to the States on leave in two months. Recently met former Governor Stassen. Get to salute Halsey quite often, for which I get a good Navy "Good Morning." Six boys at this base from Johnston City, also Bob Reeves of Carbondale. Getting picture made. In a place like this you have time to stop and be thankful for friends and letters.

Harris Jones, Lt., U.S.N.R.
c/o P.M. San Francisco, California

We'll Use It

I don't have words to tell you how I like the EGYPTIAN KEY.

When reading about Wm. J. Bryan, I remembered that I have a picture of him and Capt. E. Dillon of Benton. Bryan gave the graduation address at Ewing College, June 8, 1909.

Capt. Dillon drove Bryan from Benton to Ewing in his automobile which was one of the first in Franklin County. They encountered a mud hole on the way. In the picture they are very much spattered with mud. Col. Bryan is wearing a boutonniere made from roses planted by Mrs. Logan when she lived in Benton.

I was just a young girl at the time, but a very good friend of Capt. Dillon. I enjoyed many rides in that famous car.

Would you like to reproduce the picture in the KEY? If so I will send it to you.

Mrs. Fred L. Myers
Herrin, Ill.

You Make Us Happy

A recent number of the EGYPTIAN KEY has been brought to my attention and I found it very interesting indeed.

I am glad to learn that the important history and beautiful scenery of our region is being preserved in the pages of your interesting magazine.

As both my family (Elder) and that of my husband have been in Egypt from its beginning, naturally we are delighted to know that the story of this delightful region and its sturdy and distinctive people is being told.

I am glad we are to be introduced to the rest of the country by your well written and friendly magazine.

Enclosed find check for a subscription to the KEY.

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MASTER BREAD

You Are Right

Not long ago a woman from Chicago asked me where I was from. I told her Southern Illinois. She said, "Oh, a hillbilly." I told her that anyone from Egypt never said he was from Illinois, but always from Southern Illinois. She said that now that she thought of it, I was right.

So it was with pleasure that I found the last copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY. I was especially interested in the article on Audubon in Illinois. I should like to see more articles and pictures featuring the wildflowers and birds of Southern Illinois.

I am enclosing money for a year's subscription, also an extra dollar, in hopes that I may have the back copies if they are available.

Anne Loudon Hoke

Little Rock, Ark.

. . . Back issues of the KEY are still available. Mrs. Hoke is enjoying hers by now, we hope. An article on the wildflowers of Egypt is in preparation and we plan to have it for the next issue of the KEY. Suggestions from our readers are very helpful.—Ed.

More Keys Are Coming

I have read some of your articles and find I have been to most of your scenic places and have some fine photos of the same. You only missed one town, Belknap, Illinois. We are almost lost, but have quite a lot of history near. A spout spring which still flows and has for seventy-five or eighty years; and near us was, or is a church where Peter Cartwright preached. My father was an early settler in business for seventy-five years in one place. I think anyone living in Southern Illinois will enjoy reading about our beautiful Southern Illinois.

Mrs. Myrtle Cousins

Belknap, Illinois

RED NECKTIE

MOUNT VERNON, ILLINOIS

Most Interesting

A friend gave me a copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY Vol. 1 No. 4. Every article in that number was very interesting, but I was especially interested in your "Church of Peaceful Valley." Your description of the Kornthal Church was indeed interesting and when I reached the place where you described its bell, I was startled as it dawned upon me that the bell of our own church bears the inscription "Cast by H. Stuckstede and Company, St. Louis, Missouri, 1890."

I have always wanted to know what it weighs and what it cost, but never have been able to find any record of it. The bell itself is thirty inches in diameter, twenty-six inches high and the rope wheel is forty-two inches in diameter. Several years ago, I took measurements of it and its mountings and scaled the diameter down to two inches to one foot and cast a model with a five inch diameter, complete with mountings from aluminum.

Our present building was built in 1890, the year I was born.

An extract from our church history written in 1939 follows: "Plans were made that in the fall of the year 1819 they would meet at the home of William Robinson, who lived three miles north of Greenville. At the time selected the church was organized, the second Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Illinois, with six members, the group being called the Bear Creek Society. That was the beginning of the Donnellson Presbyterian Church. It has never in all the 120 years since ceased to be a continuing organization."

At the present we have about 125 years of church history. For the first year or two the services were held in the various homes of the members and camp meetings. A site was finally selected near a spring of water where the ox teams could be fed and watered. A small log structure was built with an open charcoal fire in a pit in the center of the earth floor for heating. Our present building in Donnellson is the fourth structure on the third site in our church history. I have been a member thirty-eight years, a Deacon thirteen years and have acted as Sexton for the last ten or twelve years. I ring our bell several times each week so you can readily see the reason for my interest in it.

The pulpit of the Kornthal Church intrigues me very much. I have always wanted to see one of those high affairs reached by a flight of steps but had no idea there were any in the country any more.

I must close with this thought, may we be permitted to retain our freedom of religious worship.

Clarence R. Clough

Donnellson, Illinois

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Egypt's Book Shelf

News and comments about books written by Egyptians or of books pertaining to Illinois and in particular to Egypt.

Several years ago, Walter Havighurst wrote for the series *Rivers of America*, the book, *Upper Mississippi*. For the purposes of the series on the rivers of our land, the Mississippi was divided into the upper and lower. The division point was Cairo, Illinois.

Upon the publication of Havighurst's book on the upper section of the Father of Waters, considerable criticism was evoked because of the limited scope of the work. The author gave a most complete picture of the Scandinavian influx into the areas drained by the Mississippi, but little else was to be found in the work. He went into glorious detail of the emigration of the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish peoples to Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas. There he stopped.

As a result of the adverse criticism, Walter Havighurst has written a number of additional chapters to his original book, in which he covers, to a large degree, the other phases of life and history of the Upper Mississippi River. Farrar and Rinehart, New York City, publishers of the *Rivers of America* series, have issued a new edition of the *Upper Mississippi* which is a great improvement over the original work.

If it were not for the short shrift the author gives to that portion of the Mississippi which extends from Cairo to St. Louis, we could say several commendable things about the book. As it is, if one is not interested primarily in the Egyptian portion of the Mississippi River, but rather, in all of its course, he will enjoy reading the revised edition of the *Upper Mississippi*.

* * *

In Ullin, Alexander County, Illinois, lived J. H. Campbell, his wife, and thirteen children. Marie, one of the thirteen, was born February 17, 1903, at Sandusky, Alexander County.

In spite of her mother's disapproval, she continued her education beyond that of the grade school, at Southern Illinois Normal University. Marie received her two year diploma in 1929 and her Bachelor of Education Degree in 1932.

From Southern, Marie went to Berea College, Kentucky, to teach. The mountain people of that area interested her and she wrote of them. Her mother burned the manuscript. Another was written. It has been published by Farrar and Rinehart, New York City, under the title *Cloud-Walking*. With a foreword by Alice V. Keliher and illustrated by John A. Spelman III, it offers a very good impression of the citizens of the mountain area of Kentucky.

While a teacher in the settlement school, Miss Campbell took down in the vernacular many conversations which are produced in her book. These reveal "the unhurried flow of their narrative, the natural poetry of their imagery, and the charm of the folk speech."

At present Miss Campbell is teaching at Carrollton, Georgia.

* * *

Thomas Curtis Clark, known to many readers of the Line o' Type column of the *Chicago Tribune*, for his fine poems contributed to that column of erudition, has had published by the Trovillion Private Press of Herrin, Illinois, *Lincoln, Fifty Poems*.

Quite a number of these poems have appeared before in various books and anthologies of poetry and other writings associated with the great Lincoln. Some have been read in the column in the *Chicago Tribune*. This is the first time they have been collected and published as an addition to that enormous fund of Lincolniana.

As a poet, Thomas Curtis Clark, is entitled to recognition; and, of course, his subject in these verses, Abraham Lincoln, has a permanent appeal to all Americans. The combination forms an attractive book for all lovers of both Lincoln and the poetic art.

* * *

On the east bank of the Mississippi River a little more than half way up the state, lies the little village of Oquawka. It is the seat of Henderson County with a population of 912. Originally it was known as Yellow Banks.

Virginia Gordon is the daughter of the late Judge Gordon, historian of Henderson County, and the great-great-great-grand daughter of one of the first pioneers to enter the county in 1837. Certainly Virginia Gordon is well qualified to write a historical novel, the setting of which is Oquawka, or rather Yellow Banks. In *A Man Should Rejoice*, she thinly disguises the place under the name Great Banks.

To one who has visited Oquawka, and who has delved somewhat into the history of Henderson County, it is not hard to recognize the many historic characters introduced by the author. Black Hawk, Keokuk, and other Indian celebrities walk through the pages of the book and one imagines, at least, he sees the early Phelps and Pattersons as they went about their work of founding and building up the town.

Egyptians will note the tie-in with our own Joseph Duncan who bought a one-fourth interest in Yellow Banks and sold the lots at an enormous profit. The thrill of the land speculation days is told very aptly by the author, Virginia Gordon. The book is published by the Westminster Press, New York City.

W. G.

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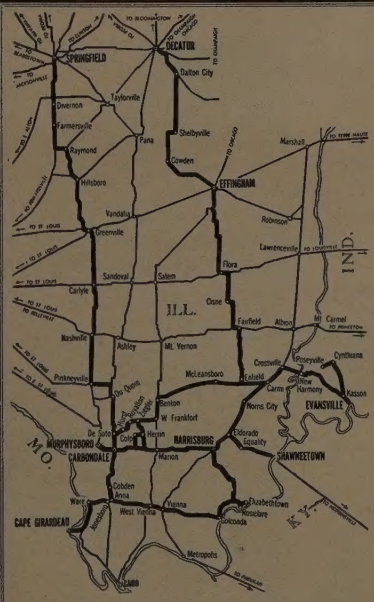

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Egyptian KEY
OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Net Loss---$60,000!

By WILL GRIFFITH

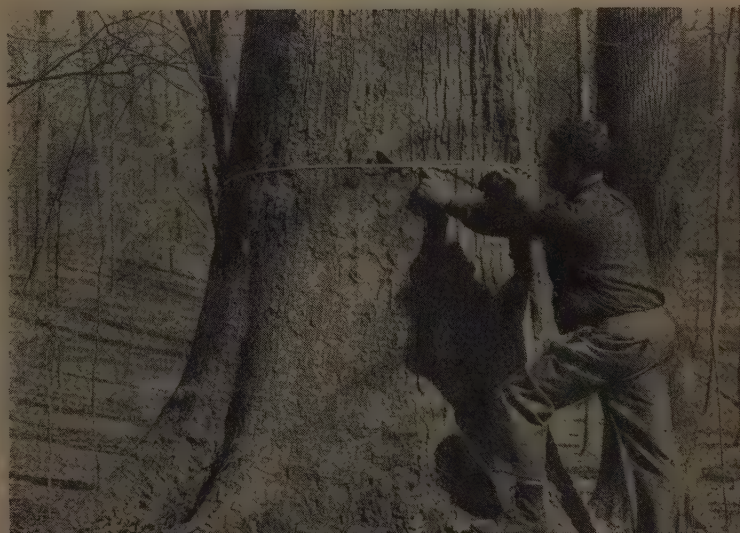
EGYPT has lost $60,000. As the collegiate youths would say, "That ain't hay." In the last issue of the KEY we were able at the last minute to insert a short editorial about the planned despoilment of the Sensemeier Woods. The KEY abandoned all work on its own behalf for three weeks and tried to arouse sufficient interest and funds to save this magnificent growth of virgin timber. It was not much trouble to arouse interest.

Readers of the KEY will recall that we once fulminated against "God-sakers." Perhaps our readers thought at the time that we were inclined to be too severe. The experience of the past few months tells us that we were entirely too gentle in our remarks. It seems that the present day American, be he young or old, male or female, must have a jolt, in fact a terrific jolt, to be aroused to the seriousness of anything more important than the next picture show or the next bridge game.

"God-sakers" is a word coined by H. G. Wells to describe those persons who say "For God's sake don't let that happen" but who never do anything about it. Well — we found many members of that lodge. In order to save this beautiful piece of Egyptian soil it was necessary to raise quickly, the sum of $6,000 to be *loaned* to the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, to be used by them as a down payment to the Sensemeier heirs, thereby saving the forest trees from sale until the Federation could, by means of a drive for funds, raise the entire $60,000 necessary to purchase the tract. The Federation was pledged to *return* the $6,000 loaned it out of the first funds received from the campaign.

It seemed impossible to stir up the moneyed citizens of the area to the seriousness of the affair or to make them appreciate the worth the property would have been to Egypt. After herculean efforts $3,000 was pledged by three citizens of Egypt.

We were told that the Federation officials would try to find some cash money in the city of Chicago but either the cash or the citizens were missing as that effort



Left—A portion of the Sensemeier Woods before despoiled by the cutter's ax. Right—State Forester Joel Loomis measures one of the large trees of the woods. Many of these trees measured from twelve to eighteen feet in circumference. Forester Loomis was active in the effort to save these trees for posterity.

Photos by Ray Hodde, Springfield

"washed up." It never had seemed to us that it was Chicago's duty to furnish the temporary funds to save our property here in Egypt.

The KEY is proud of the effort it made. The KEY has no regrets in the matter. The woods are lost. It was not the KEY that sold this property to the despoiling corporation that now is cutting the trees. It was not the KEY that refused to wait a few days longer to give interested citizens more time to raise the paltry amount needed. It was not the KEY that acted as "God-sakers." The KEY was not the various political leaders who deemed political expediency in election years of more paramount importance to themselves than the preservation of this work of God for posterity.

How can Egypt expect to grow, to achieve her destiny, if she cannot get aroused over such a crime? It will take 350 years to replace these trees. Will you be here to see them? Will your grandchildren? Will your great, great, grandchildren? The United States is 161 years old. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620, these trees, now being so ruthlessly murdered, were just young saplings.

How will you replace them, Egyptians?

We are glad that our efforts were made to save these trees. We are glad we were not interested in selling them, in the despoilment of this forest area, in profitting from their sale. We are glad that we made every effort, at some neglect to our business and some slight expense to ourselves, to preserve these trees.

It has been an invaluable lesson to us. We have learned those who really have an interest in the area and those who only have the interest that is their own selfish interest. We now have a most poignant example, a most horrible example, to hold up before the whole of Egypt. An example that we hope may be turned to Egypt's advantage. An example that may in time arouse sufficient public opinion that no more will the murderer and rapist of Nature be permitted to operate in beautiful Egypt.

Actually the loss to Egypt is many times $60,000. The Sensemeier Woods preserved as a forest area would have drawn many visitors to Southern Illinois, to inspect and to study its virgin timber. School children would have had a place to study nature. The woods would have offered another recreational area. Under the jurisdiction of the State Forestry Department, the timber would have increased in value rather than deteriorated. All in all, the value loss to Egypt is incalculable.

For the benefit of those who may have a curiosity, for the shame of those who had a chance and did not assist, for the honor of those that offered to help, we will say that we had the pledge of one thousand dollars each in this cause from one man in Carrier Mills and from two men in Herrin. If you have trouble filling in the names we will furnish them on application.

Let every Egyptian who reads this solemnly resolve that in the future no more stabs in the back be permitted our Egypt. Let every Egyptian resolve that he will assist in every way in his power in the future to preserve, to build, our own area. Let us have no more "God-sakers."

SUMMER DREAMS

A small boy stands on the shore of Crab Orchard Lake and sees the bounding main, pirate ships, belaying pins, and pieces of eight.

Photo by Louis J. Labash, Zeigler

Land of Meshecebbe

By SILVESTER E. QUINDRY

An old pamphlet in Paris, France, furnishes an interesting story of the origin of the name of the hills of Egypt.

IN 1913, while in Paris, France, on a professional mission, I had the pleasure of having an interpreter translate to me, from a dilapidated pamphlet, the story by an anonymous writer of a fabled chief, called Meshecebbe, from whose name the early French explorers gave the appellation, "Mississippi" to the Father of Waters and to the valley where the old chief ruled the Mound Builders long ago. The French explorers heard the story from the various Indian chiefs and prophets of the many tribes, whose villages occupied strategic points along the waterways of the western wilderness.

The French pronounced the letter "e" like the English short "i." When the word "Meshecebbe" is thus vocalized, the phonetics result in the word "mishicibbi" which the early English conquerers pronounced "Mississippi." As the fabled chief, Meshecebbe, was the father of many tribes, so the great river bearing his name was called the "Father of Waters."

According to the story read to me, the great chief ruled with a crude but intelligent combination of religion and economics. Forest fires were devastating and had to be carefully guarded against. Grass grew to such heights and in such luxuriance that if it was once ignited, all wigwams, trees, vegetable growth, and wild animals were consumed. These frightful conflagrations were experienced in Southern Illinois as late as in 1818. Such a fire was graphically described by Elias Pim Fordham, an early English surveyor, who laid out the old town of Albion, using a grapevine as a surveyor's chain, and who later became Royal Engineer for the British army.

Referring to a prairie fire on October 30, 1818, he wrote: "It was the most glorious and most awful sight I ever beheld. A thousand acres of prairie were in flames at once. The sun was obscured and the day was dark before the night came. The moon rose and looked dim and red through the smoke, and the stars were hidden entirely. Yet it was still light upon the earth, which appeared covered with fire. The flames reached the forests and rushed like torrents through. Some of the trees fell immediately, others stood like pillars of fire, casting forth sparkles of light. Their branches are strewn in smoking ruins around them."

To avoid such devastation the Indian nations, who inhabited the land of Meshecebbe two centuries or more before the French explorers came, were commanded by decree of the fabled chief to extinguish all village fires when night came. Then, to avoid the task of starting the fires anew each morning, huge mounds were built of terraced earth, on the summit of which a perpetual fire was kept burning, watched continually by two shifts, two by day and two by night. These trusted appointees of the great chief were called "guardians of the sacred fire."

Each morning the squaws arose early, and with arms filled with fagots and larger pieces of wood, trudged up the pathway to the summit of the mound, deposited their contribution of fuel, and, with faces to the east, knelt in prayerful worship of the "whitening skies," or as one would now say, the "Rising Sun." Then the squaws filled their vessels with coals of fire and marched back to the village below, where fires were kindled to cook the morning meal. Throughout the day the smoke rose from the fires in the wigwams, so that only once a day were the women required to visit the sacred fire and worship the "whitening skies." Thus, Chief Meshecebbe combined religion and economics, and ruled a confederacy of nations called Mound Builders. The story related the Indian tradition of the once mighty chief, whose wisdom, goodness, and power, left an indelible impress upon the intellectuals of the race, who by word of mouth, handed down from one generation to another, the traditions which were the foundations of Indian religion and government.

The French version of these traditions pictured the seat of government of the fabled chief at the place later known as Cahokia. The famous Cahokia Mounds

Monks Mound, Cahokia Mounds State Park.
Photo by Ill. Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.

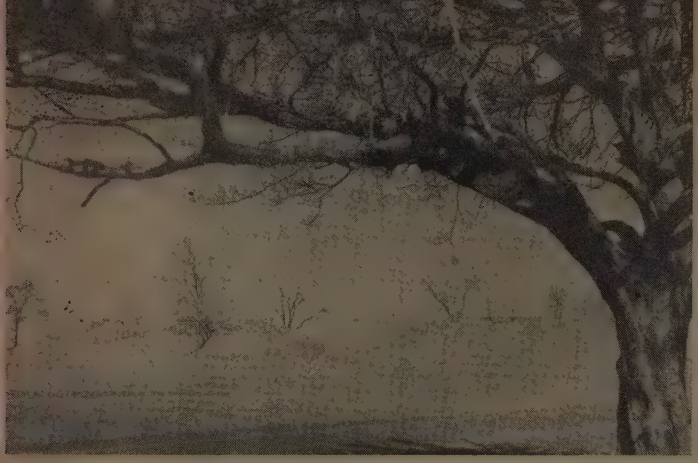


Photo by Ill. Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.

Indian Mounds, Cahokia Mounds State Park.

still supply historians, archeologists, and geologists with varying theories of their origin. Some have advanced the theory that the pre-historic race of Mound Builders was a highly civilized type, which erected the mounds as burying places for its dead. Some, depending on the things unearthed by the archeologists, attempt to trace the Mound Builders to the Mexican Aztecs because of crude, highly polished metal mirrors, found buried with the dead. They trace a connecting link between these early inhabitants of the land of Meshecebbe and the Mexican worshippers of the "God of the Shining Mirror."

The historical answer is far more satisfactory. Every early race of men has left its history in tradition. The early French explorers had in every company an official historian, who chronicled what was seen and heard on every wilderness journey. LaSalle had with him the historian, Jouet. Father Marquette chronicled his own historical matters. Hennepin drew maps of all Southern Illinois and accompanied them with descriptive and historical notes.

The mounds in Southern Illinois were unquestionably built as a place of security for the perpetual burning of the sacred fire, and as the place of early morning worship. These mounds were the result of economic necessity because they afforded protection against the destruction of forest fires. They also supplied a safe retreat from rising flood waters that periodically overflowed the rich alluvial lowlands, which supplied the inhabitants with fertile soil to till, wild fruits and nuts for food, maize for bread, and game for meat.

When the early French settlers cultivated the rich "Mississippi bottoms" they worked their lands with boats near by. Too far removed from the mounds of Cahokia to reach them readily, they used the foothills as places of refuge, when the waters covered the lowlands. When the British took possession under the treaty of 1763, they found the French settlers still ready to sound the alarm when the flood tides came, and the alarm was "aux arcs." "Aux" meant in English "to the" and "arcs" meant "boats." As the waters began to rise the cry "aux arcs" rang out, the farmers took to the boats and rowed to the hills for safety. Soon the alarm meant to the English "to the hills," and the hills were called "Ozarks." That is the origin of the name of the mountain range, whose foothills provide so many places of scenic beauty and historic interest, to the present inhabitants of the land of Meshecebbe.

Wind In a Cottonwood Tree

By BEN H. SMITH

There's a wind that sings in a cotton wood tree
Down in Dutch Creek valley,
And this is the song it sings to me
Down in Dutch Creek valley:
"Here's June, she's bringing you a rose,
They're swinging in each breeze that blows,
And wild on every road that goes
Down in Dutch Creek valley" . . .

The road runs east, and the road runs west
Down in Dutch Creek valley—
And the wind sings on for it cannot rest
Down in Dutch Creek valley—
To the restless feet that want to stray,
"Oh, you'll come back sometime to play
Where God has roses to give away
Down in Dutch Creek valley" . . .

Idols of Egypt

VI. William McAndrew

By WILL GRIFFITH

Mentor of boys, a soldier of his country, a teacher of athletics, an exponent of recreation and a lover of ice cream and wild flowers.

ON THE evening of September 21, 1939, one of the sweltering evenings of a very hot summer, at the formal opening of the Illinois State Armory, at Carbondale, Mac appeared dressed in his usual manner. As he made his way back to the stage, he was accosted by one of the citizens of the community.

"For heaven's sake, Mac, you haven't got on a vest!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Surely, Mac, you should wear a vest to preside at the meeting when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is to speak."

"Hell, I wouldn't wear a vest tonight, if it was the President who was going to talk, much less just his wife."

Typical. Typical of Mac. He did not believe in "putting on the dog." There were no "tin gods" to him. He was Mac, he had been Mac, and Mac he was to be until his death.

William McAndrew was born, April 29, 1887, on a farm on Allison Prairie near Lawrenceville, Lawrence County, Illinois, in the northeast corner of Egypt. The son of William and Rose Caughran McAndrew, young William was the sixth child in a family of eleven.

Of Irish stock, son of native-born American parents, the lad grew to manhood on the farm near Lawrenceville. His father was a farmer and a contractor who built many of the railroads and levees in Southern Illinois. During summer vacations, William helped his father, either on some contract nearby or on the farm. One summer he worked with the construction gang that was building the over-the-water railroad to Key West.

Young Billy Mac is remembered by the older members of the Allison Prairie Christian Church where he was a regular attendant at Sunday School. In his later years he disliked to be reminded of the boyhood name of Billy Mac.

Young McAndrew attended the Plank Road School, near his home, and then entered Vincennes University, at nearby Vincennes, Indiana. Upon graduation he received his Bachelor of Arts degree. He spent three years at Vincennes as a student and assistant English teacher. His first military training began at Vincennes University, where, as a cadet officer, he was awarded a sword as an honor prize. From Vincennes he went to the University of Chicago, to study two years. Called home by the serious illness of his father, he became, the following year, a member of the faculty and coach of the athletic teams of Lawrenceville Township High School.

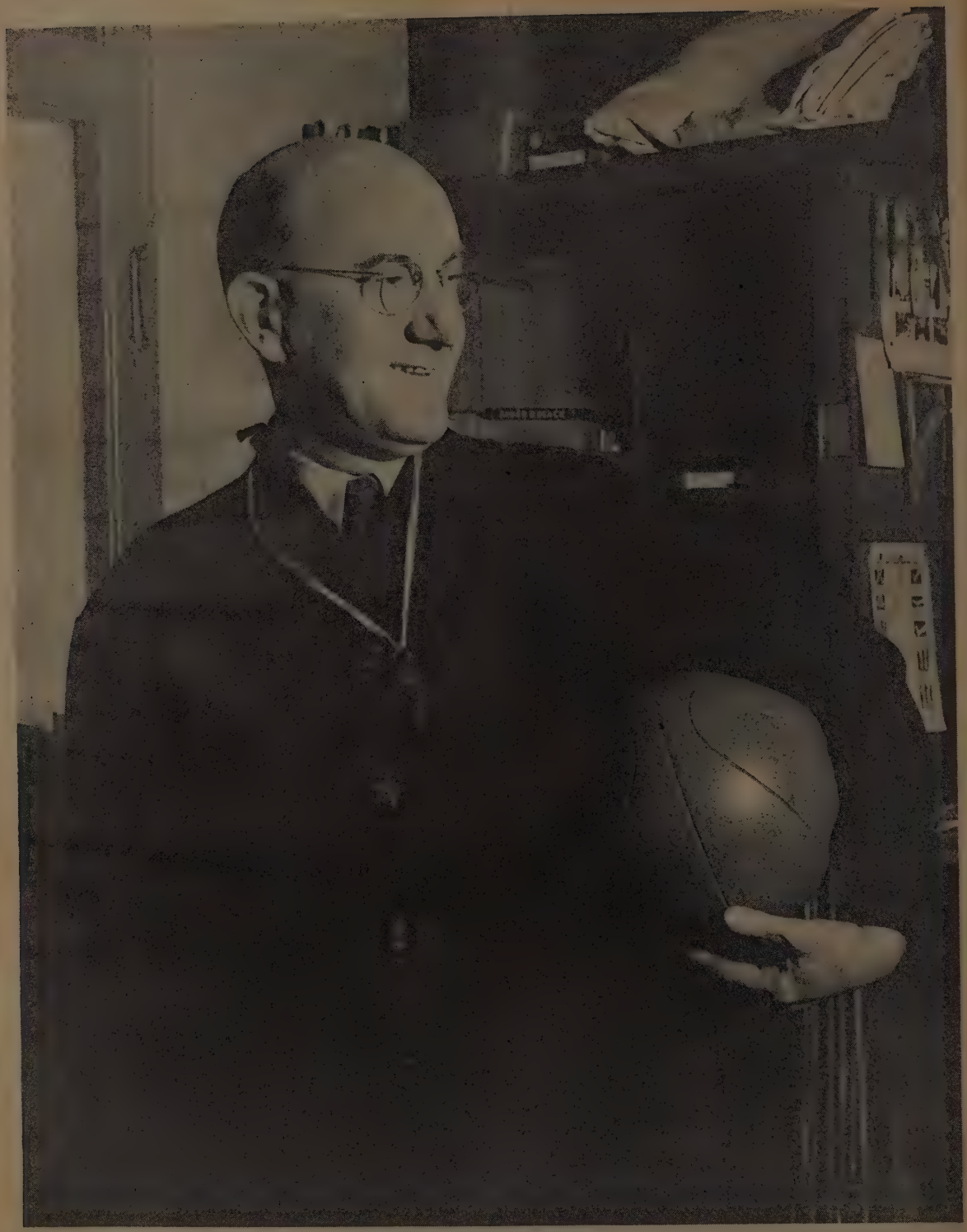
Different periods in a man's life are marked by the different nicknames or shortened forms of his name used by his friends and acquaintances. Those who knew Mac in Carbondale hardly know him as Billy, but in Lawrence County he remains Billy McAndrew.

From Lawrenceville High School, Mac came to Southern Illinois Normal in September, 1913. For thirty years, with just a little time off for a war and some additional study, he presided over the Athletic Department of the school. Lest some think that he was lopsided along athletic lines, it may be mentioned that he was just as earnest and untiring a worker in all civic movements and all other phases of scholastic life.

Photo by C. Cliff Grindle, Carbondale

William McAndrew

Mac might well have been called a trouble shooter. It made no difference — if two faculty members became



Mac ready for a basketball game.

at outs, if some of the more ebullient boys indulged in some extreme pranks, if factionalism became rampant in the faculty, if that breath that so often scorches began to be felt, the word would be "send for Mac." He would be sent for, and the bothersome matter ironed out with all parties remaining his devoted friends.

Those who knew Mac well cannot tell just what he did, just what it was, that set him apart from others. They cannot cite many specific acts that can be mentioned as indicative of his ability or his worth to the community. Mac's worth was more of an intangible nature. Something that without it one would be aware of its absence, but with it would accept it as a matter of course.

Mac did not care for fuss and feathers. The night of the opening of the Illinois State Armory, at Carbondale, press photographers asked him for a picture shaking hands with Mrs. Roosevelt. Mac demurred. "None of that funny stuff, fellows." Just then his eyes lifted and there was Eleanor Roosevelt with out-stretched hand, smiling and fully aware of his remarks. There was nothing for it. The flashlights gave a momentary brilliance to the scene. An embarrassed Mac grinned and shook the hand of the President's wife.

Thousands of men scattered today on every continent of the globe offer vivid testimony of the influence of William McAndrew on the youth of Egypt. He, in his capacity as Coach and Director of Athletics at Southern Illinois Normal University, was mentor, friend, and father confessor to the youth of Egypt. No living person can begin to appraise the scope of his influence. His work will live for years and years in the boys he trained and taught in the manly way of life.

Never a seeker of the limelight, never a pusher frontward, never currying favor, never wishy-washy, never at a loss to express himself forcefully, Mac made many friends and some enemies. A man should be judged by the enemies he makes, not the friends he acquires. Mac had enemies — not many, but some — and for reasons.

Southern Illinois Normal never has subsidized athletics; in fact Mac was unalterably opposed to such practices. Southern has never been a large school with many thousands of young men from which to draw its teams. Mac took the material at hand and through the years was a consistent winner. Mac liked to win, but was always a good loser. He instilled in his boys a love of the game, a sense of fair play, and the other manly virtues.

Not a strict disciplinarian, his teams sometimes seemed to take advantage of his good nature, but when the pinch came the boys never hesitated to give to him that last ounce of devotion. At his death, many letters came from boys scattered throughout the world expressing their grief at the loss of a "friend." The cynic says that a friend is one who goes down in his pocket when asked. By all definitions of friendship, cynical or otherwise, Mac qualified. He constantly was giving former students a lift with a five spot here and a ten spot there. He never made a record of a loan.

Mac was never a stickler for the formal. The story is told — that when a young man from the east became a member of the faculty of Southern, to work in the Athletic Department, Mac, in his first talk with the young man, said: "Now we are very informal here in the Athletic Department. Everyone calls me Mac; Lingle is 'Doc' to everyone; and so forth. Son, what is your first name?" The young man answered quietly: "Vincent." "Hell, boy, even your mother wouldn't call you that. From now on, you're Joe." And to this day the name has stuck. Everyone knows him as Joe DiGiovanna.

Captain William McAndrew, World War I.

Mac's vocabulary was an expressive one. If some of his phraseology were used by others, it would be deemed profanity. Never with Mac. It was just a part of him. There was no desire on his part to indulge in rude or coarse language — he just wanted to express himself — express himself forcefully. One day, Mac was called away from his office just as he had started to dictate some letters. He told his secretary to write the letters as per quickly sketched instructions. "Sign my name and mail them. You'd better put in a few hells and damns or else they won't think I wrote them." With his quizzical smile he rushed away.

Not satisfied with just a bachelor's degree, Mac studied and took extra courses at various schools. He attended Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee, where he was graduated with a law degree. He did post graduate work at Peabody, Southern Methodist, and Drury College. In addition to these scholastic studies, he attended many special athletic and coaching short courses

under such well known men as Alonzo Stagg, Knute Rockne, and "Pop" Warner. Mac attended the first coaches' school at the University of Illinois, instituted by the veteran director of athletics, George Huff. Stagg and Rockne were his life long friends.

Mac passed the bar in three states. He became a

Photo by C. Cliff Grindle, Carbondale

Brigadier General McAndrew, at the time of World War II.

member of the Illinois Bar in 1921; of the Tennessee Bar in 1919, and the Arkansas Bar in 1920.

Until the outbreak of the first World War, Mac devoted his efforts to athletic work at Southern. With the declaration of war, he entered the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and was commissioned a captain of infantry, August, 1917. Stationed first at Camp Grant, then at the University of Chicago, and then back again at Camp Grant, he spent practically a year instructing recruits in military tactics. In the summer of 1918, he sailed for France as Captain of Company F, 341st Infantry, 86th Division.

Mac's superior officer, Colonel A. A. Sprague, says: "It is very difficult for me to put my finger on any particular act of 'Captain Mac,' as I always called him, that made him such an outstanding officer and such a great help to me when I had command of the 2nd Battalion of the 341st Infantry. Captain Mac's Company, Company F, was always the company that gave me the least worry. . . .

"Mac was terribly seasick on the way over. It took us fourteen days to go from New York to Liverpool, and he frequently made the statement that he was not coming back to America until they built a bridge across the Atlantic. However, as you probably may know, the troops on board any ship remain under the command of the officer in charge of troops and not under the officer commanding the ship, and in spite of Mac's real suffering, the inspections, which had to be made continuously, were always made, and this was at a time when inspections were of vital importance, as the flu was just coming into the United States at that time and we knew little about it until it hit us. . . .

"I can only say about Mac, and this is sincere, that I always relied on him more than on any other of the captains in my battalion, not only as a commanding officer of the company, but as a friend."

Upon arrival in England, and while in that period of acclimation and training all troops had to be put through before going to France, Mac acquired a severe attack of influenza. One certain day, the word came through that the regiment was to embark for France the following day. With a temperature of 103, Mac walked the English streets and countryside, fighting the fever, determined not to be left behind, refusing to admit to anyone that he was in anyway indisposed. He won the fight and, still in the throes of the epidemic disease, took his company across to French soil.

Mac often said that the men of his regiment were the only persons in the world who were disappointed when the Armistice came. The regiment was on its way to a front line position at the time. Instead of the gratification of a heroic service under fire, Mac had to be content with routine duties following the cessation of fighting. Nevertheless, his superior officers remember his efficiency as an officer and his readiness to assume any task no matter how herculean. Mac returned to the United States in the summer of 1919 and was honorably discharged August 7, 1919.

Upon his return to the United States, Mac extended his leave of absence from Southern, to complete his law course and to qualify as a lawyer. He never practiced law, instead, returned to the Carbondale school and took up his duties as head of the Athletic Department. At the outbreak of war in 1941, Mac immediately applied for active service, offering to serve in any capacity as an officer or as a private. To his great disappointment he was rejected for age and physical reasons.

Unable to serve his country in the fighting forces, Mac, upon the organization of the Illinois Reserve Militia, was commissioned a lieutenant colonel by the Governor. Later he was promoted to Colonel of the 4th Infantry and just a few months before his death to Brigadier General of the 3rd Brigade. In his work with the reserve militia he traveled by car more than five thousand miles on inspection trips, served on riot and flood duty throughout the State and after our declaration of war on the Axis in 1941, participated in the guarding of the important bridges and other strategic and vital points of the area until that work was taken over by the United States Army.

Mac coached football twenty years, basketball twenty-five years, baseball four years and track two years. As a coach he must be rated a success. In spite of the

many handicaps he experienced at Southern through no fault of his or of the school, he turned out many winning teams. His football team of 1930-31 went through a season and a half without losing a game. Mac developed several players who rated as big time stars. Glenn "Abe" Martin, now a member of the Athletic Department of Southern and coach of football and basketball, was a member of that championship team. After graduation Martin played for several seasons with the professional Chicago Cardinals football team.

It may have been forgotten by some, but Mac was called the "old squirrel" by many of his boys. That sobriquet was acquired in this way. Harry Canada was a student at Southern. To help defray expenses, Canada worked in a barber shop on Friday evenings and on Saturdays. Mac, of course, patronized him — one of his boys. Came the day when the price of shaves was raised. Mac good-humoredly was razzing Canada about the raise in price. He received the reply: "Well, if you stood here and had to shave old squirrels like you all day long, you would think it was worth it." Mac told it on himself. The "old squirrel" stuck for several years. Canada, by the way, was another of Mac's stars, a member of the 1930 championship football team and also going to the finals of the Golden Gloves in 1930.

Mac's teams always were well drilled in fundamentals. His players enjoyed playing. He never "balled out" a player immediately after taking him out of the game. Although his basketball teams never won a championship, they consistently finished near the top of the conference. Mac bought only the highest quality equipment for use by his boys.

A bald head, above blue eyes protected with spectacles, topped a well poised and balanced body. The height was five feet ten inches and the weight 150 pounds. Always in the best of health, Mac, who had played professional baseball in the Kitty League in his youth as a team mate of former Governor John Stelle, delighted to participate in the intramural baseball games at Southern. At the age of forty he was able to hold his own on the baseball diamond with his boys of the early twenties.

Mac was intensely interested in recreation. He felt that if recreation was provided for Americans, a better race physically and morally would result. He attended many national meetings in the interest of recreation.

Mac's philosophy was one of kindness. He could be hard when no other method would avail. His especial technique was to start in a seeming roughshod manner and then taper off until the culprit was overwhelmed by his kindness and as a result would become his loyal follower. In sport, Mac had no desire to win by lopsided scores. Many times when a football game was well in hand and an overwhelming score could have been rolled up by the regular team, Mac would casually withdraw his better players until he had given every man on the squad a few minutes in the game. Mac preferred to win by a reasonably close score, thereby giving the spectators a more thrilling game and at the

Left—Informal pose of Mac in front of the gymnasium at S.I.N.U. Right—Mrs. Roosevelt shakes hands with Mac.

same time not "rubbing it in" on the opposing coach and team. Such consideration was characteristic of the man.

Many of Mac's friends knew only the professional side of his nature. They may not have known of his personal traits. The man of the athletic world, the man who instilled the fight in his teams, loved nothing better than to go to the country and hunt wild flowers. At his home he created a wild flower garden, carefully transplanting many, many wild flowers.

Mac loved ice cream. He preferred a piece of plain bread with it. No cake for him. Late at night after a hard day of scholastic or civic work, a steak, with French fried potatoes and a cup of coffee, was his desire.

Mac was never a fanatic. In personal habits he was temperate. Neither was he a hypocrite. He did as he felt proper and all the criticism in the world could not have changed him. Nor would he deviate from his normal ways just to make a good impression on some influential citizen.

At one time in his career at Southern, a vacancy occurred in the presidency. Mac wanted the office. It, probably, was his great ambition. Up until a few hours before the new president was named, Mac hoped to get the job. He did not. When the new president arrived at the college, Mac went to him. "You know and I know that I wanted the job. You got it, I didn't. That is all in the past. You will have my most earnest support." A handshake was given, two men became friends.

In politics, Mac was a Democrat, but, as he once expressed it: "I don't think wings have started to grow on the President." There you have Mac. Always with a sane view of life. Always a realist. Always a liberal, always tolerant. He probably had more close friends who were Republicans than were Democrats.

On April 18, 1931, Virginia Caldwell, daughter of Judge and Mrs. A. S. Caldwell, leading citizens of Egypt, and William McAndrew were married by the Reverend Charles J. Pardee, pastor of the First Christian Church of Carbondale.

At home, Mac was ever a reader of serious books. With the ability to scan a page and grab from it the salient points, Mac was a fast reader. A pencil was ever present and his library is well marked and annotated. With the outbreak of trouble in Europe, Mac began to buy and read all available books on the European situation and on the strategy of war.

Always an ardent patriot, Mac had no time for the namby-pamby attitude of some of our citizens. Speaking publicly he said: "Right now I do not care whether

S.I.N.U. Basket Ball Team. Taken on the steps of the American Embassy, Mexico City; D. F., March 19, 1941. Top row: Durham, Correll, Hunter, Huffman (Driver)). Third row: Church, Echols, Gray, Moody. Second row: Cox, Coach McAndrew, Ambassador Josephus Daniels, Barrett. Front Row: Campbell, Robertson, Sebastian, Crawshaw, Patrick, Green.

you were an isolationist, one of those who said there would never be any more wars or not; if you said no nation could get at us because the Atlantic protected us on the East, the Pacific on the West, I can forget such a belief. If you believed that Europe and Asia could be on fire with burning brands of destructive war and not affect us, well and good. *But I am concerned with what belief and what attitude you have NOW!*"

Mac had advocated R. O. T. C. for years and had always opposed disarmament.

As might be expected, Mac, was a vigorous foe of communism, wherever it raised its head. No mincing of words on his part. No fear of the position of the advocate. It was Mac's eternal Americanism that endeared him to his boys; it was his manly stand that gave his influence backing; it was his forthright plain speaking that made him effective in his work of developing character while building up the physical houses of his boys.

Mac was well known through the United States in athletic circles. He was one of the organizers of the Illinois Intercollegiate Athletic Conference. He had served as its president and was its secretary at the time of his death. For several years at each meeting he offered an amendment which came to be known as the McAndrew amendment. Although failing of passage, nevertheless it brought to the front some of the inconsistencies of athletic rules. Mac's idea was that it was wrong to forbid a student the right to play on a college team just because he was below a certain grade in some subject. He contended that as long as the school allowed the student to remain in school that student had as much right to play on an athletic team as he did to attend a mathematics class. Mac argued that it would be just as right to bar a student from a mathematics class because he was deficient in work in physical education.

In addition to his many duties in the educational field, Mac found time for many and varied outside interests. He was a past commander of the American Legion Post at Carbondale, and also of the 25th District; a past exalted ruler of the Elks; past president of the Carbondale Business Men's Association; past president of the Little Nineteen Athletic Conference; member of Southern Illinois, Incorporated; and a director of the Carbondale Building Loan and Homestead Association. At Chicago University, he became a member of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity. Many athletic and educational organizations had his membership.

Mac, as Director of Athletics at Southern Illinois Normal, moved the athletic field from old Baylis Field to what is now known as the "old athletic field," and in time from there to the present "new athletic field," with its track. He built the new gymnasium, and the stadium. The last was almost a personal job. Funds were raised by him from various sources, personal supervision of the contractors was his, as were several of the features of arrangement. In the program for the enlargement of the school to a complete liberal arts university, Mac was instrumental in the acquisition of thirty acres of land to the west of the present campus where will be built a new athletic field, play fields, and a field house.

In 1941, Mac took the Southern Illinois Normal basketball team to Mexico City, for a game with the Mexico City Y. M. C. A. team. This team had played at Carbondale and Mac was returning the engagement. The Egyptian boys suffered from the high altitude and could not play up to their usual standard. To his wife, from Mexico City, Mac wrote: "Yesterday we saw the so-called floating gardens and in the afternoon all went to the bull fight. It was held in a large circular stadium seating 25,000 people. A spectacular and not too bloody exhibition. Talk about wild crowds at our athletic events, these Latins do carry on.

Mac shows with the chalk, the strategy to be used in game.

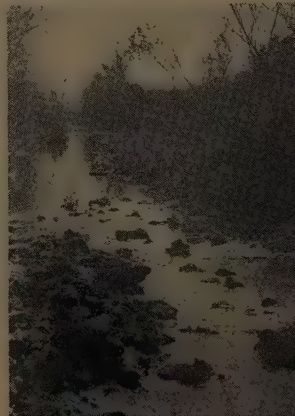
"Took all the kids to a grand old church and to the pyramids today. The church is the richest thing I ever saw, gold and silver, built by the Spaniards years ago. And such devoted people. The church is as big as any church I have ever seen and seems to be used principally by the poor. We climbed to the top of one of the pyramids, the biggest one. Had the boys' picture taken at the Embassy with Mr. Daniels. The kids had a great time. The kids can't play a lick. After about five minutes they have no wind and resting them seems to do no good. I tell them they look like slow motion pictures. And they want so badly to make a good showing."

Casual acquaintances of Mac would never appreciate the depth of the man. Two of his favorite poems indicate his outlook on life: Sam Walter Foss' *The House by the Side of the Road;* and *Abou Ben Adhem* by Leigh Hunt. A perusal of these two poems will high-light a similar thought. "Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man" and "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

Many and varied were the telegrams, letters, and floral offerings at the time of Mac's sudden death, February 11, 1943. From former students then in the armed forces in the South Pacific, from military men high in the present army, from millionaires, from men in modest circumstances, from men of various colors, different creeds, and opposite political faiths came the last testimony of their devotion to their friend.

From Dr. A. W. Spring, of Colp, Illinois, whose race is a much darker one than was Mac's, came a single, beautiful pink rose with an accompanying card which read: "In this beautiful world of ours, you gave me a sip of the milk of human kindness, when I needed it most. Now, Comrade, I give you a rose."

Summer Joy



f Egypt

Left hand page—Top—Rocks at foot of Burden Falls. (Photo by W. V. Rathbone). Center left—Rock formation, Dixon Springs. (Photo by Herman Sims, Royalton). Center right—Beauty spot at Bell Smith Springs. (Photo by Herman Sims, Royalton). Lower left—Little Wabash River near Ridge, Wayne County. (Photo by Fish and Wild Life Service, U. S. Dept. of Interior). Lower right—Brook near Dongola. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna). Right hand page—Top—Tulips, Wolf Gardens, De Soto. Center left—Woodland Trail, Giant City State Park. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna). Gum Swamp, Johnson County. (Photo by Fish and Wild Life Service, U. S. Dept. of Interior). Bottom—Outdoor swimming pool, Chester. (Photo by Leonard Studio, Chester).

Egypt's $20,000,000 Crop

By W. A. LESTER

The hills of Egypt are filled with fruit trees which spell "big business" in Southern Illinois.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS in blossom time! In days when gas was plentiful and tires were to be had, it was one of the showplaces to which pilgrims from the northern country drove every April — to meet the spring and to glory in the delicate pastel shades of white and pink which made the hillsides scenes of beauty.

Few perhaps realized that in the great "V" formed by the confluence of the two mighty rivers, these blossoms, blooming in twenty counties, were springtime harbingers of a twenty-million-dollar crop: a crop for which Egypt is especially adapted in climate, sunlight, and soil, and a crop which makes this favored area one of the leading production areas in peaches, apples, strawberries, and other fruits and vegetables, of the entire Union.

Yes — Southern Illinois means fruit, and fruit is one of the great economic and cultural influences upon the people who dwell therein.

The fruit industry is one of the oldest, yet in some ways one of the most modern, of all pursuits to which the residents of a great agricultural region devote themselves. In some respects its technics and practices are centuries old. Planting, picking, washing, and preparing the ripe Elbertas or the ruddy Winesaps for market are all done just as they were in the days of our forefathers; carefully, individually, and by hand labor. Yet in packaging, in the development of varieties to meet consumer demand, and perhaps most of all in fertilizing and spraying, it is new and modern.

Have you ever wondered what can be done about the apples that fall to the ground? Have you commiserated with the farmer over this loss? Forget your cares in this respect, for today's orchardist, using hormone spray, gives the apple sufficient strength so that it stays on the tree until time for picking! This is only one of the many ways in which the discoveries of science are utilized by the farmer. Who knows to what new uses he may put the products of the laboratory and the test tube?

Nature designed Egypt for the fruitbasket of the Middle West. Its soil is admirably adapted for horticulture. More than that, its climate is right.

Finally, in the procession of fruit and vegetable harvest that starts in Texas and Louisiana and sweeps northward on the wings of summer, the Southern Illinois harvest time for fruit does not conflict with the production of any other great area, and so its products find a ready market in the great consuming centers.

These endowments of soil, topography, climate, and time are the basic factors in the fruit industry, and the basic reasons why it is certain that this region always will be outstanding in the production of peaches, apples, and all the rest.

More than 1,325,000 peach trees and more than 872,000 apple trees in Egypt produce the major portion of this multi-million dollar crop.

As an economic factor, the fruit and vegetable crop contributes as high as twenty million dollars a year to the welfare of the people of these twenty counties. It is a variable factor, hinging on the size of the crop and upon price levels, but certainly it is one of the firm foundations upon which the future prosperity of Egypt will depend.

Culturally, it has produced a race of specialists in agriculture, people who not only do diversified farming, but who have developed through the generations a knowledge and skill that seem almost instinctive. Here have lived and worked some of the orchardists who have been artists, creating beauty and value the while they sprayed their trees or picked the luscious fruits of their labor. The Elberta, long the dominant peach of the section, has been brought to a high state of perfection. The Gage Elberta and the Hinners Hale peach are among the special varieties that have won fame for their producers.

This acquaintance with creative effort, this searching for better ways of doing things and better products, has had an important cultural effect throughout the fruit belt. It has produced farmers who seek knowledge, and who study and read and discuss, with the pride of creators, the scientific phases of their work. It has led to an interest in agricultural education, and has paved the way for the county extension agent, known in Illinois as the farm adviser, to bring the results of university research and experimentation into actual use on the hillsides and fields. It has been a factor in the growing, compelling demand for more opportunities for higher education in Southern Illinois.

The high quality of Egypt's fruit has itself created a pride on the part of the citizenry. Ask any Egyptian about his homeland, and he'll tell you, "Yes sir, that's where the finest peaches are grown. That's where the Golden Delicious, the peer of all apples, reaches its most perfect form. Man, we have FRUIT in Southern Illinois!"

How does this vast crop of concentrated sunshine and perfect flavor find its market? There is a story of big industry in itself. In the old days, when Ben Davis apples, hardy but of inferior texture and flavor, were packed by the barrel and shipped via railroad, marketing was not on the modern basis that it is today. Packaging has changed to meet consumer demands. Inspection and grading, usually done by the orchardist at his packing shed, have come into the picture more

prominently. Brand names have been adopted. Whereas most of the fruit moved by ordinary railroad car, today perhaps eighty-five percent of it moves by truck and by refrigerator car.

Through co-operative and commercial selling agencies, orchardists study the market. Fruit usually is shipped direct by truck or rail to purchasers, rather than being brought to large assembly points as in more densely-farmed areas, such as the California fruit belt. Farmers through their organizations have formed co-operative marketing agencies. In Southern Illinois, for instance, the Illinois Fruit Growers Exchange provides the farmers of twenty-five counties with market information and selling service. The exchange is able to find the most advantageous markets and at the same time to locate for buyers the sources of supply. Marketing — to get the best price for the best quality at the right time — is one of the things which Southern Illinois orchardists have modernized, just as they have made improvements in soil culture, tree culture, and packing.

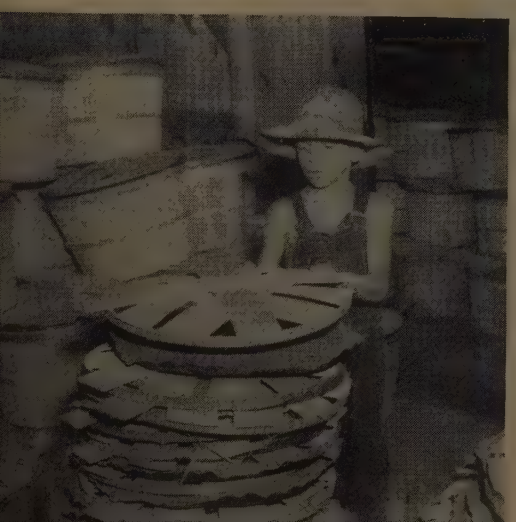
Egypt's peaches, apples, strawberries and other fruits and vegetables, using the modern marketing methods now in vogue, find a ready market in all great centers. They are sold in at least half of the states of the nation. And the receipts — the flow of cash and credit — come back to revitalize the business and the cultural life of the fruit country.

What of tomorrow?

Better methods, of course. More use of scientific

Sorting, grading, and packing peaches in an Egyptian packing shed. At the height of the season, the entire family is pressed into service.

Photos courtesy Illinois Fruit Growers Exchange



farming. A more intelligent program of soil conservation, so that the fertility of the ground may not be further depleted, but instead may be restored, to the end that hardy and vigorous trees will cover our hillsides for generations to come. Better methods of handling and packaging, gauged to consumer tastes. Greater co-operation. More efficient marketing systems and procedures. New varieties to take their places in the markets alongside the old. More tree-ripened fruit, hurried to market in the prime of condition. Perhaps —no, probably — the use of airborne transportation for our finest peaches and strawberries.

Why not? Today we pack refrigerator cars with ice to maintain the temperature needed to guard the most delicate fruit on its way to market. Some day soon, we shall undoubtedly see a great plane, loaded with the finest fruit, taking off from Anna or some other fruit marketing center, ascending to the altitude at which the temperature is just right to preserve the precious cargo in best condition, and flying in a few hours to Chicago or Minneapolis or Kansas City or St. Louis, there to deliver it for the tables of consumers: prime in condition, full and rich in flavor, truly an epicurean treat.

It's logical. It can happen. It will happen, without doubt, in our postwar years.

And pilgrims will still drive — or fly — to Southern Illinois, in blossom time, to greet the spring.

Top—Picking peaches. Bottom—Scene at packing shed.

Courtesy Southern Illinois, Incorpor

Photo by Bob Riseling, Murphysboro

Egyptian Etchings

Pomona Natural Bridge

By JULE LE NARD

CANYONS, waterfalls, eroded towering bluffs, unusual rock formations, caves — all Natural Wonders, have ever intrigued man.

Their grandeur awes him; viewing them humbles the most egotistical. Their beauty fires his imagination. Artists strive vainly to capture their marvelous, indescribable beauty. Poet and sage sing their praises.

Tales of history, of romance, of adventure, have been inspired by sight of them. What more fitting rendezvous for a pirate than a cave along a river bank? Where more adventure to be found than in exploring some deep, winding canyon or scaling a steep cliff? What more romantic setting than moonlight on rippling waters, or on the feathery spray of a mighty waterfall?

Throughout the ages, men of all climes have been enthralled by such scenic splendor. They have traveled miles, endured hardships, faced danger just to be able to see or to explore these enchanting natural wonders.

Of all the countries in the world, the United States ranks first in the number of these interesting phenomena to be found within its boundaries.

Our own State, Illinois, can boast of many well worth seeing. Among those found in Egypt is the Natural Bridge at Pomona.

This gigantic mass of smooth, cream-colored limestone, seventy-six feet in length, nine to twelve feet in width, and several feet thick, spans a beautiful wooded glen at an altitude of thirty feet or more. Immense masses of solid, jagged rock form its abutments. Worn into layers through centuries of weathering, they provide an excellent natural stairway to the bridge from either end.

Viewing this massive, rugged span of rock from the ground, one gazes in wonder at this proof of the marvelous erosive power of the mighty river or glacial stream which once flowed here.

Pictures of redskins stealthily crossing the bridge to scale the rugged cliffs, or, ages before them, the hardy caveman stalking his prey or spearing fish in the stream below, readily come to mind.

Standing on the bridge, one thrills at the marvelous beauty on all sides. At the bottom of the ravine is a meandering stream. Here, too, erosion is evident, for its rocky bed worn into layers, causes the water to ripple and splash as it flows along.

The rugged cliffs forming the ravine are covered with velvety mosses and lichens. Wee ferns, dainty colorful flowers, clinging vines, crowd each crevice. Here and there sturdy shrubs and trees, their roots firmly embedded in the rock, gracefully bend over the glen, forming a canopy through which warm sunlight or silvery moonlight flickers and patches of fleecy white clouds, blue sky or twinkling stars may be seen.

The ravine is carpeted in rich green, with splashes of variegated hues — all changing color with each change of season.

Towering trees of countless variety lend light and shadow as well as color to the beauty of this scenic wonder.

Viewed at any season, this bridge and glen make an unforgetable picture. One is pensive in such surroundings. The great stillness, broken only by the song or twitter of bird, by the buzz or movement of some tiny woodland creature; the indescribable beauty; the pervading spirit of peace and tranquillity, fill one with reverent awe. With it comes the full realization of man's limitations. Compared to the age of such natural wonders, man's longest span of life becomes infinitesimal. With such positive proof of gigantic power, man's greatest achievement seems to pale into insignificance.

Communing with nature, though causing one to deflate his ego by giving him a truer sense of value, is nevertheless inspiring. It brings a feeling of nearness of God, a consciousness of His Omnipotence, His Omniscience. Doubtless it is this resulting spiritual uplift that through the ages has been the magnetic force, the charm, the lure, that men have always felt in such natural wonders as the Bridge of Pomona.

Invasion Summer

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

Oh, summer's come with hay in her hair,
With a garland of roses for Sunday;
Corn-tassle silks for a hula dance
And a cotton bell bloom for Monday.

Tuesday she'll play in a sassafras leaf,
Rain splashed silver, then sunny;
Wednesday she'll wear a raggedy brief
Of a clover bloom laden with honey.

Thursday she'll dance by the redbird's song
And she'll hoe her fields on Friday;
Saturday she'll sit on the new mown lawn
Where her flowers bloom neat and tidy.

Sunday she'll weep for the light of the moon
Blacked out by Death's thunder cloud;
And Sunday she'll wear a widow's veil
While her lover — a soldier's shroud.

Faith of Our Fathers

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

A quiet, dignified, religious denomination has one of its churches in Egypt. The centennial of its founding was celebrated in May, 1944.

GRANDMOTHER was a Moravian. I was twelve years old before I understood that the word "Moravian" meant the church to which she belonged and not the nationality of her ancestors.

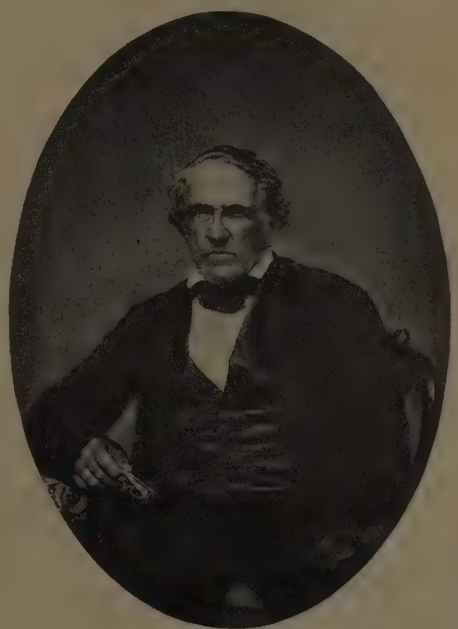
Grandmother, for whom I was named, was Catherine Medora Hauser, daughter of Jacob, the elder brother who came west in 1830, with Martin Hauser. Jacob and his descendants are not important; Martin and his family are. One Easter, I drove with some members of my family, in the dark of the wee morning hours across country, across the "Haw Patch," and through the "Flat Rock" neighborhood, to attend the sunrise service in the old Moravian Church at Hope, Bartholomew County, Indiana. Of course, I got a thrill from the unusual experience; the beauty of the cemetery and the surroundings of the old church founded by the zealous young missionary preacher, Martin Hauser. The town he established at first was called Goshen, and changed to Hope when it acquired a postoffice of which Uncle Martin was the first postmaster. So far as I know the sunrise Easter service still is held annually at the Hope Church.

Two miles east of highway 130, in Edwards County, 10 miles north of Albion, is the town of West Salem, Illinois, founded in 1844, by Martin Hauser and a group of pioneers of the Moravian faith. At West Salem is the only Moravian church in Illinois.

Sixty years before Martin Luther started the Reformation and one hundred years before the founding of the Established Church of England, the fearless preacher John Huss began teaching civil and religious liberty in the Bethlehem Chapel in Prague, Bohemia. At that time he was the head of the University of Prague, the world's oldest and most famous university. That was an age of intolerance. John Huss was burned at the stake in 1415, at Constance, Germany. His followers founded the Brethren's Church in 1457, and spread his teachings. In the province of Moravia, a part of Bohemia, the church took such firm root that it soon became known as the Moravian Church, particularly in England where its missionaries were active.

From the beginning the Moravians were seekers of knowledge and were interested in passing their knowledge and their Christian way of living on to others. They took up printing as soon as it was invented. They made Bibles, school-books, catechisms and, in 1501, printed their first hymnal. One of the strongest policies of the Moravian Church always has been to send missionaries into the sparsely settled, out-of-the-way places. About 1750, a few Moravians came to North America, settling in Pennsylvania and North Carolina. At Salem, now known as Winston-Salem, North Carolina, a congregation was established which later sent preachers inland to settlers who had gone westward.

From Salem, Adam Hedrich, in 1830, came to Edwards County, Illinois, and entered land. The next



Courtesy Moravian Publishing Co., Bethlehem, Pa.

Martin Hauser

spring, Peter Hinkle followed and then a steady stream of sturdy pioneers of Moravian faith came, establishing homes in the neighborhood.

In March, 1843, Martin Hauser and Francis Eberman made a trip from Hope, Indiana, to Edwards County in response to the request of the Illinois Moravian settlers. Though a railroad had been begun in Indiana, which would take them part of the way, and steamboat travel had become common, it was a difficult trip. In a letter one hundred and one years old, Hauser describes it to his church superiors in Salem, North Carolina:

"Early at daylight in the morning of the 20th of March we set out. The roads were exceeding rough and hard frozen, and a small snow had fallen during the preceding night, the wind was keen, but we endeavored to buoy up our failing spirits with the hopes, that the season was far advanced, and in a few days more the

beautiful spring with all its charms would amply reward us, for what we had to suffer at present.

"After making the necessary arrangements, and witnessing an accident with one of my horses being frightened by the noise of the steam car, we started at about one o'clock and arrived at Madison at 4 just a few minutes before the mail boat from Louisville to Cincinnati came puffing along. After some inquiry we were told that the mail boat from Cincinnati would not pass until 8 o'clock.

"Consequently we ate our supper and had time to

Photo by Woods Studio, Anna

Large catalpa tree, West Salem.

smoke a cigar, before it was announced: 'The steamboat is coming.' As we had not provided ourselves with bedding or vituals, and the night was cold, we took cabin passage which cost us only $1.00 each. Soon after midnight we arrived at Louisville, but knowing the boat would not return until 10 o'clock next day, we did not leave our bunks until it was light enough to see that it was again snowing.

"In hopes that we might find a boat bound for some port on the Wabash river, we made diligent search but could not find any except bound for St. Louis or New Orleans. At last we took passage on the Embary, destined for St. Louis and agreed with the captain to take us as far as Evansville, Indiana. To avoid paying the toll for passing thru the canal, the captain concluded to pass over the falls. . . .

"Our boat was in the middle of the river which is here three-fourths of a mile wide, when suddenly the sky was darkened by the falling snow, and the wind blew so violently that the waves beat into the boat, which was crowded with deck passengers. The captain fearing the boat might upset, or the storm break off the cabin ordered it nearer to the Kentucky shore, hoping that the squall would soon be over, but instead of realizing our expectations it still increased. Anxious to proceed on our journey, yet we still approved of the captains order to make a hault. and after various attempts to ascend the steep bank, the hands at last succeeded in fastening a cable to a tree. . . .

"I wish that I might say I enjoyed a good night's rest but a steamboat lodging is one of the last places where a person ought to seek comfort during cold weather. Our berth happened to be on the water side, the howling of the wind for part of the night, the splashing of the waves against the boat, and a bed with one threadbare blanket while Farenheight Thermometers fell to zero, will afford ground to pass a correct judgement, about our situation.

"Having spent a good part of the night arranging my bed, and adding my overcoat to the blanket for covering but still shivering from cold, I arose in the latter part of it to seek a better place by the stove, here I found full half of the passengers nodding in their chairs, who resorted here for the same reason as myself. At last the morning of the 23rd approached. The storm had abated, the river was again calm. But not till 8 o'clock did we leave this dreary spot.

"At 11 o'clock we at last landed at Evansville, and as the roads were unusually good, we concluded to walk at least part of the way which was as near as we could ascertain about 55 miles. But before we proceeded we were informed that two men, who resided beyond Mt. Carmel were in town. So we agreed with them to take our freight, which we brought along for a neighbor at Hope, who was moving to Illinois, on their wagon and determined to travel with them. The day was cold but the road excellent, we traveled about 22 miles before we took up our night's lodging.

"A very great difference between this country and that around Hope was perceptable. Here grew the post-oak, the black oak, the sassafras, persimmon, the sumac, etc. None of which is found near Hope. We again started out, passed through Princeton, a neat little village, the County seat of Gibson County and arrived on the banks of the beautiful Wabash about 4 o'clock. Considering it an act of courtesy I asked the wagoner what we had to pay him? To which he replied: 'Three Dollars.'

"I objected to his charge on the grounds that I did not ride in his wagon more than half of the time and my companion probably not two miles. But he would not listen either to reason or expostulation. Knowing that he would coerce payment of us we reluctantly paid him, regretting however, to be defrauded by one who at first had appeared so friendly and obliging. From here we

set out on foot again thinking we would yet go part of the way, so that we might reach the settlement in good time on the next day.

"While walking along about one and a half miles from Mt. Carmel and conversing in German upon our unfortunate wagon ride from Evansville, we were overtaken by three men, riding on horseback, after exchanging the usual compliments, they passed on, but when about 50 or 60 paces ahead they made a sudden halt, and one of them turning back addressed us in German, inquiring where we were from and to what place destined.

"This opened the way for further conversation by which we learned that they were members of the Luthern church and one of them was well acquainted at Bethlehem, where he had worked many a day.

"They all appeared very friendly and invited us to their homes, which, however we had to refuse on account of the remoteness from the road, when the last mentioned preferred to walk so that we might alternately ride his horse, and as he lived only three quarters of a mile from the road we consented. We were kindly treated and made as comfortable as their circumstances with a numerous family would admit. Here I was enabled to learn their full situation in regard to their church, that they the (Lutherns) had built a good brick house of worship, but on account of some unfortunate occurences had no stated preacher for some time.

"I proposed to visit them and preach for them, but finding that this good man had no right without the consent of the Elders to grant it, I felt inclined not to urge my services. In the morning of the 25th after uniting with them in family worship we left them. The ground was again covered with snow and the wind blue very cold over the prairie.

"We continued our pedestrian tour seeing several deer crossing the road and flights of prairie-hens, till about 10 o'clock we reached the settlement. At every house of our brethren where we called we were kindly received, but our stay at each was limited to answering the most entreating inquiries."

On this trip the Reverend Hauser preached and held meetings in different homes. A year later he traveled again to Illinois and remained to found the town and to organize the congregation. The settlement called itself New Salem in compliment to the old home in North Carolina. It bore this name until in 1857; then, learning that Lincoln's town in the central part of the state bore the same name, the name was changed.

Upon coming to Edwards County, the pioneers had gathered in their rude homes and in barns, and had carried on without a pastor in the faith of their fathers. On May 25, 1844, many interested families were represented in the company that gathered in Peter Hinkle's barn about a mile north of the present town, to start a new Moravian congregation. The Brotherly Agreement was drawn and signed by twenty-one persons. Those names are: Philp Rothrock, Michael Clodfelter, Stephen Gates, Peter Hinkle, Jacob Craver, Adam Hedrick, Solomon Reich, Charles C. Walk, Stephen Terry, Joel Rothrock, George Hedrick, Thelen Clodfelter, Philip Clodfelter, Daniel Bruner, David Hedrick, Samuel Clodfelter, Henry Clodfelter, Allen Gates, Solomon Lick, Mathias Hedrick, and Martin Hauser.

This precious document is preserved in the archives of the West Salem Moravian Congregation. It is written in Martin Hauser's clear beautiful script, as is also the Diary of the church which is a record of all births, deaths, weddings, and major happenings. The new congregation had a beginning membership of ninety-six persons.

A tract of eighty acres, known as "the ridge" because it was the highest land in the county, was bought. On this ground where the main entrance to the cemetery now is, a frame building 30x40 feet was erected, the first church in the entire community. The church Diary says "A subscription amounting to $135 was raised by the members and other friends. A job to frame, cover, weatherboard and put in windows and doors was given to Jacob Kramer, Esquire." He built well! The structure is now the work shop of the garage of H. H. Boewe & Sons, a half block west of the square on the north side of Church Street.

Hauser made his third visit to New Salem when the building was dedicated May 21, 1846. A "Committee" supervised services in the church until August 5, 1847, when the Hauser family moved from Hope, Indiana, to New Salem, Illinois, and the Reverend Hauser became the resident pastor.

The Hauser family consisted of father, mother (Susanna Chitty Hauser), eight daughters and one son. As the daughters grew to womanhood, Martin Hauser would drive his buggy every two years to Salem, North Carolina, taking two girls there to attend the female semi-

Left—Smallest tombstone in the world in the Moravian Cemetery at West Salem. Right—Memorial entrance to cemetery.

Photos by Woods Studio, Anna

nary. He would preach awhile in the community, then take home to help their mother, the two daughters he had taken to Salem two years previously.

"Any great institution, is the lengthened shadow of one man." Martin Hauser actually served the church he founded at New Salem from 1844, until 1851; then again from 1857 through 1861, in the English Church. The nature of the man was such that he influenced the entire section. He frequently preached in Albion, Mount Carmel, and Olney.

At the close of Hauser's second pastorate in 1861, he retired from active service and returned to his old home at Hope, Indiana. Mrs. Hauser previously had died and had been buried in the West Salem Moravian cemetery on the south side of the entrance gate. When Martin died on October 25, 1875, his body was brought to West Salem, and buried on the north side of the entrance, in a place reserved for that purpose.

During the years of his pastorate in West Salem, Martin Hauser acted as "attorney-in-fact" for the Reverend Charles F. Kluge, who, as head of the Provincial Elders' Conference of the Southern Moravian Church, held the titles to the land on which the town was built. The first eighty acres was entered at Palestine, Illinois, then the location of the land agency office, in May 1845. The town was plotted in 1846. The services of county surveyor, Thomas R. Bircket, were required "for which he charged $10; the neighbors assisting as chain-carriers and axmen gratuitously." Few organizations have as valuable a storehouse of historical information as the detailed record kept concerning the Moravian community by Hauser and his successors.

On the 20th of July, 1849, a colony of forty-six German Moravians arrived in town. Soon there came more — and trouble; a language problem developed. Though many of the first settlers were of German stock, they used the English language. The new settlers formed their own congregation and for nine years the two groups with separate pastors and different languages, worshipped in the same edifice.

In 1858, the two congregations separated completely, even dividing the town. The German group took all the property north of Church Street, including the church building; the English group held that south of the division street. The latter then erected a new building on the south side of the square. Both congregations with their own pastors, grew and prospered for fifty-seven years. The years gradually eliminated the German speech, and finally, in 1915, the two congregations reunited.

The German group had erected a fine new church in 1891-92, and this became the home of the united West Salem Moravian Church. It stands on the highest point of land in Edwards County and because of that and its 110-foot aluminum painted steeple, it can be seen for many miles. The "South Church" has become the Omer Gates garage. The bell was removed and placed beside the bell in the steeple of the present church. Now, in unison, the two bells invite to worship the congregation of about three hundred members.

The fifty-two year old building which the Moravian Church uses was well constructed. The thick brick walls stand on a massive foundation many feet deep, which did not originally enclose a cellar. Recently, a complete basement has been dug and finished within those walls to make room for Sunday School classes, a finely equipped kitchen, and a furnace room. The structure is 34x66 feet and the steeple is 10 feet square. The slender, high, milky-glassed windows have borders of colored blown-glass oblongs. On the rear wall, back of the choir, hangs a large round plaque, a reproduction in gold, blue, and ivory, of the church seal. The lamb, in natural color on an ivory background, carries a banner. The words in the encircling border read "Vicit Agnus Noster Eum Sequamur"; the Latin for "Our Lamb Conquers, let us follow him." The medallion is the work of Enrico Molnar, a Czech Moravian, now living in California.

The church was entirely redecorated for the centennial celebration. New hardwood floors were put in the auditorium; the pews which have oak seats and birch backs, were refinished and polished; and the walls were covered with large-blocked wallboard simulating stone construction. All during the happy week, the pulpit was a bower of flowers.

The Moravian cemetery is owned by the church, but serves the entire community and is kept up by voluntary contributions of money and work.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Where'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Originally, it was the custom of the Moravians to bury in their cemetery according to the date of death and to separate the sexes. There were no family plots. During the separation of the English and German groups the cemetery also had been divided. Today it is all one continuous beautifully landscaped park, the pride of the community. The old markers and stones lie flat on the graves. A few modern upright ones stand in the southeast section. The church no longer demands the separation of sexes or location chronologically. The smallest tombstone in the world, according to Robert Ripley, is that of Emma Pfeil in the old German section. It measures 5⅞x10½x2 inches.

On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of the church, the descendants of Martin Hauser erected at the cemetery entrance a memorial arch which was presented to the congregation. The inscription on the stone set in the brick gateway reads: "Erected in loving remembrance of the Rev. Martin Houser, founder of West Salem and the Moravian Church and his wife, Susanna, nee Chitty, by their surviving grandchildren, May 25, 1919." Through the years the spelling of the name has changed.

In creed and rituals, baptismal method and com-

munion service, the Moravian church is similar to its better known offshoot, the Methodist Episcopal. In some ways, such as the stressing of music, its candle lighting services, and love feasts, it is unique. Congregational singing and the teaching of music to the children is never neglected. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, says in his diary that he and his brother, Charles, were greatly influenced by the Moravian adherents and that he owed his initial inspiration to a band of Moravian emigrants whom he met while on his way to America.

The centennial week's program was planned for both the church and the town. All activities took place at the church, with the exception of the antique exhibit. It so happened that we attended the ceremony called the Love Feast, on Friday evening. The congregation and friends gathered at 8:30. The church was crowded. After congregational singing of songs, a selected group of men and women in white caps served cookies, with coffee for the grownups and water or milk for the children. Those cookies! My great grandmother Hauser made them too — there was always a three gallon stone jar in the pantry, (on the floor where little ones could reach them), with plenty in its depths.

After the Love Feast portion of the services, Miss Elizabeth Thompson read a letter from Mrs. Samuel Allen. Mrs. Allen, a granddaughter of the Reverend Martin Hauser, and her husband were for years Moravian missionaries at Bethany, Jamaica. The address of the evening was by Bishop S. H. Gapp.

COOKIE RECIPE

The recipe Mrs. Harriet Ahlfield gave me for the Love Feast cookies, matches that of my great grandmother Nancy Sims Hauser.

* * *

3 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup butter, 3 eggs with whites beaten separately, 1 cup sweet cream, 1 cup sour milk (Grandmother used buttermilk), 1 teaspoon soda, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, sufficient flour to thicken and work. Roll out on floured board and cut. Sprinkle lightly with sugar on top and bake in medium oven.

Since October 1, 1936, the Reverend R. J. Grabow and wife have guided the fortunes and affairs of the West Salem Moravian Church. They are gracious friendly people, popular in the community. The parsonage, surrounded by a well kept lawn and garden, is always open to members and friends.

During the festive week everyone's home was open to visitors. Old neighbors, relatives, descendants of the early settlers, and folks "just interested," came from far and near. Letters poured in from many who could not attend. The neat, friendly village of West Salem, was on its toes. It had much to show the visitor besides its greatest pride, the cemetery.

In an empty store building on the east side of the square was an exhibit of relics and keepsakes which would have brought longing to any antique collector. In the window stood the Hauser family melodeon and on a nearby shelf were pictures of the Reverend and Mrs. Hauser in quaint oval frames. These are the property of Mrs. William Tell Balmer of Olney, Illinois, a great granddaughter of the Hausers. There was a bench and candle holder from the first church building. Every original settler's family was represented in the variety of relics: china, glassware, silver, spinning wheels, baskets, tools, clothes, coverlets, and all the other interesting examples of living of those early days, homespun petticoat and silk shawl—leanness and luxury.

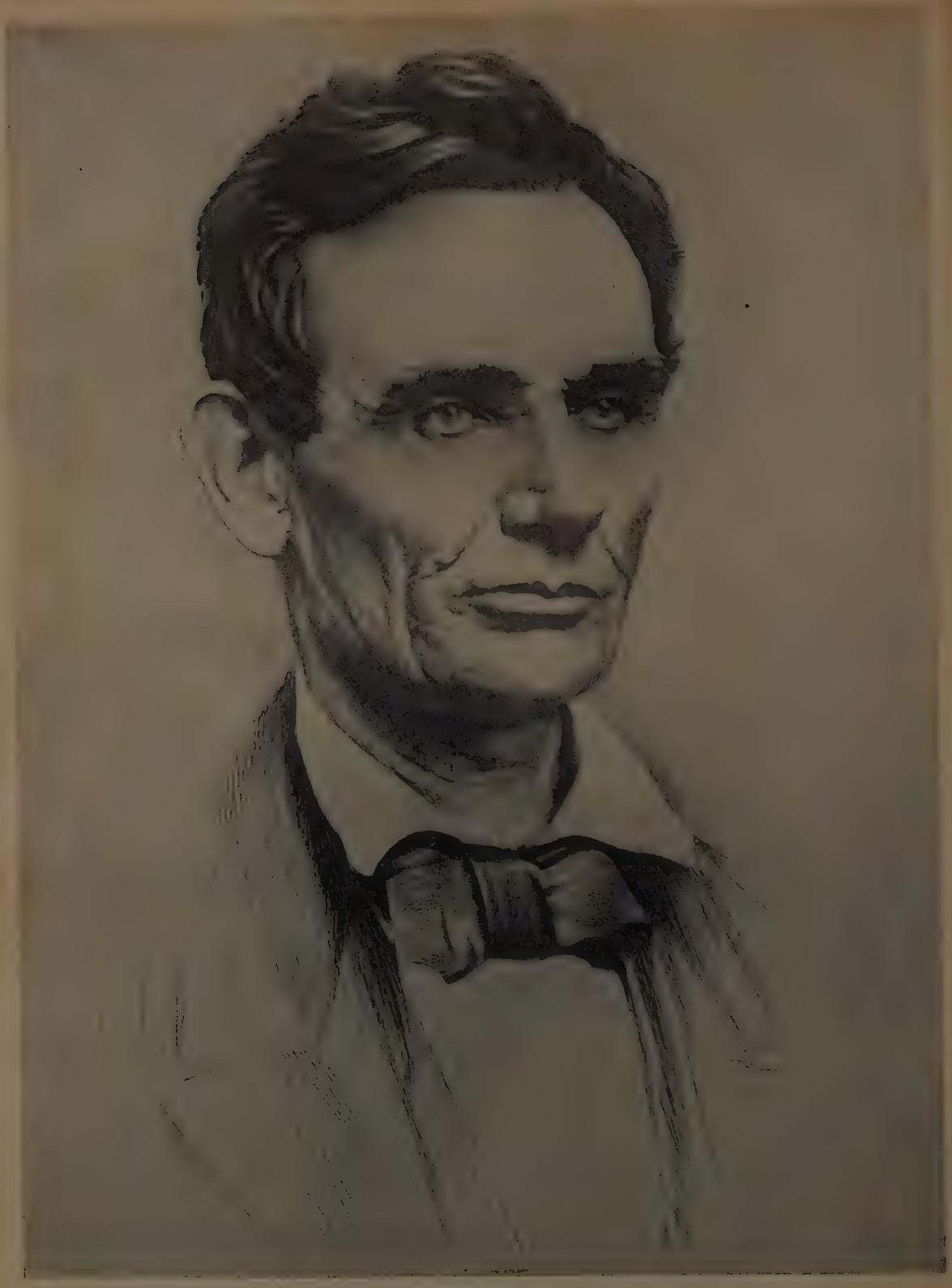
One very valuable portion of the exhibit, under lock and key, was a collection of old books owned by T. E. Hallbeck, who is a great grandson of an early Moravian missionary to South Africa, Bishop Hans Peter Hallbeck. In Hallbeck's collection is the second smallest leather bound book in the world; Robert Ripley owns the only one smaller. Hallbeck's book, which he values at $1000, measures one inch wide by one and a quarter inches long and one quarter inch thick. It contains a scriptural verse for each day of the year, is printed in English, and though it carries no date, is known to be over a hundred years old. Most of the old books in the Hallbeck collection originally were owned by Bishop Hallbeck and are prayer, song, or religious service books, and a Bible, Luther's translation, printed in 1763.

The antique and relic exhibit was in charge of the Misses Rachel and Mamie Clodfelter, descendants of one of the charter members of the West Salem Moravian Church. There were five Clodfelters who signed the original Brotherly Agreement. Descendants of most of the signers live in the neighborhood but most of the names other than Hedrick and Clodfelter, through marriages into other families, have slipped into memory.

Education and temperance always have been stressed by Moravians. West Salem High School was started December 8, 1856. The church Diary says: "Today the West Salem High School commenced. Bro. Tietze began with the boys at 8 A.M., and I (Bro. Eberman) with the girls at 2 P.M. There were 7 boys and 7 girls. The branches which we teach the pupils are: Arithmetic, History, Geography, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Orthography, Composition, Bible Instruction, and Singing. The boys have three hours school every morning and the girls two hours every afternoon. The school is kept five days in the week. Bro. Tietze and I intend keeping it for three months and aid it for the purpose of starting the school."

This school was begun in two rooms in a large brick building on the south side of the public square which later was used as the parsonage of the English Church. The two Moravian pastors, the Reverend John H. Eberman and the Reverend Herman Tietze, volunteered to act as the first teachers in West Salem's first high school undertaking. The sons of members were to pay $2.50 tuition; the daughters, $2.00; the sons of "strangers," $5.00; the daughters, $4.00.

West Salem has never had a saloon and the influence of her people probably had much to do with the fact that Edwards county was one of the first counties in Illinois to go dry. The streets of the town are clean and straight, the homes are inviting in their peaceful flower-grown settings. On the Thompson lawn stands a huge tree of heaven and the largest white catalpa tree we have ever seen, grows in the Kenneth Sperry yard. It isn't a solemnly religious town — it is a joyful, restful, cozy sort of a town.



Abraham Lincoln in 1858. Reproduction of etching by Otto Schneider made from daguerreotype in the collection of Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.

Lincoln at Centralia

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

The Great Emancipator made one of his appearances in Egypt at the fair at Centralia. Among those present was Stephen A. Douglas.

THERE was a day when Centralia, the "Gateway to Egypt," entertained ten thousand visitors to the Illinois State Fair, a future president of the United States, a presidential candidate whose election two years earlier might have saved our country a great war, and the Illinois leaders of the Buchananeers, that party born of the quarrel between the President of the United States and the senior Senator from Illinois. The day was September 17, 1858.

The president-to-be moved around the fair grounds as quietly as any of the farmers attracted by the exhibits. He was Abraham Lincoln, at the moment the Republican candidate for United States senator from Illinois. His actual election depended upon the political complexion of the Illinois legislature then being elected. At that time the office of United States senator was filled, not by direct vote of the citizens, but by the vote of both houses of the Illinois General Assembly meeting together. This campaign, for the office he did not win, earned Abraham Lincoln the greatest office within the gift of the American people.

Stephen A. Douglas was the "Gentleman from Illinois" whose re-election gave the new Republican party a presidential candidate worthy of the times, and also created a breach within his own party that only civil war could heal. The two candidates came to Centralia from Jonesboro where they appeared in one of the debates which made this Illinois campaign a factor in the presidential election of 1860. Senator Douglas stopped at Benton to make a speech and to be the guest of his lieutenant, John A. Logan, who was making his first congressional campaign at the same time. On Friday evening, Senator Douglas spoke to the citizens of Centralia, from a dry goods box upended on the open square east of the Centralia House where his opponent had registered the day before.

Abraham Lincoln came directly to Centralia from Jonesboro the day after the debate, as an unheralded passenger on a special train scheduled to carry visitors to the State Fair at Central City. These two towns were less than five years old, both named and developed at the time the Central Railroad was built. Both sites were rivals for the railroad's division point, but the railroad shops had been moved recently to Centralia where experiments for burning Southern Illinois coal in railroad locomotives were proceeding successfully. On that September day, wood yards lined the track at both stations — rank upon rank of fine hard wood corded up to feed the wide-stacked engines.

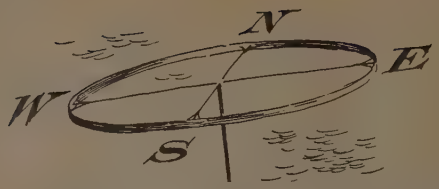
The buildings at the fair grounds had been constructed especially for the one week exposition, and even included a hotel. This hotel on the grounds was a new feature, one recommended by the newspaper correspondents present to the managers of all state and county fairs. A. H. Seley & Co. advertised that they were prepared "to accommodate 10,000 persons daily at $2 per day, lodging included. Single meals could be had for 50 cents."

M. L. McCord, the local newspaperman, had moved his press to the fair grounds and was publishing a daily paper. His press, valued at $50 was constructed of white wood and could throw off 800 impressions an hour. Although Editor McCord was trying to pursue an entirely neutral course among the political issues of the day, he probably was glad to get the Buchanan politicians' money for the hand bill that was distributed around the fair grounds Thursday. It announced a Buchanan rally that evening in front of the Verandah House near the Centralia railroad depot.

Chief of the Buchanan Democrats who spoke in opposition to Senator Douglas and his principles was John Reynolds, a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Old Ranger clamored that St. Paul and the sacred gospels would be suspect, if Douglas were favored by them. When the Douglas Democrats started a rival meeting on the other side of the square, Reynolds punned away about his long years of political activity in Illi*nois* and his being thoroughly accustomed to *noise*.

John Dougherty, who had spoken after the debaters in his home town of Jonesboro, and Thomas Hoyne, the United States District Attorney for Illinois, were the other Buchanan speakers. Usher F. Linder represented Senator Douglas at the opposition meeting. Although the enthusiasm of Centralia's citizens and her visitors seemed overwhelmingly to favor the Little Giant, it was thought wise for the candidate himself to answer his critics the following evening.

Balloon ascensions were one of the daily features of the fair, perhaps the chief threat to the popularity of the politicians and the prize bulls. "Professor" Wilson was the brave man who thrilled the Fair's visitors with their first view of aerial navigation. On Friday afternoon, the last day of the exposition, he stepped into his basket, cast off its anchoring ropes, and drifted off on the breeze toward the southeast. As twilight fell, he came down near Mount Vernon and asked an astonished farmer for supper and a night's lodging. There were two children in the family who found the balloon more interesting than their supper. Somehow childish curiosity led them to climb into the basket and cast off the ropes the balloonist thought securely



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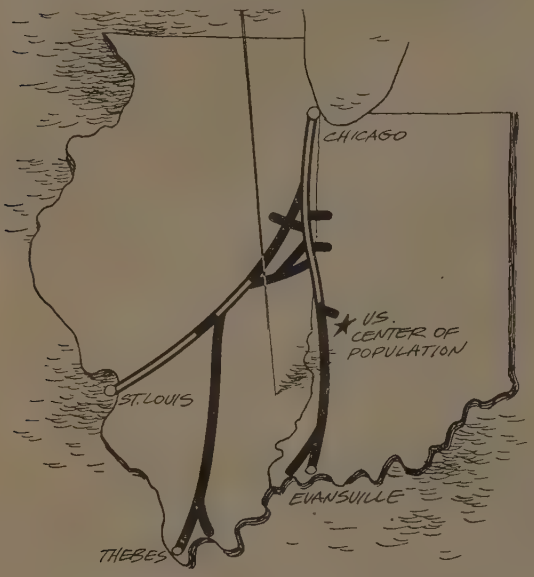

The C&EI organization is busy now moving war supplies, troops and other essentials in its all-out effort to help win the war, but it is not too early to look ahead to the time when the dark clouds of war will be displaced by the sunshine of peacetime pursuits.

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tied. The balloon lifted gently and continued its trip to the southeast. When the unscheduled ascension was discovered, the neighborhood was aroused and parties searched all night. At daybreak, a farmer in Moore's Prairie at the southeast corner of Jefferson County found balloon and children caught in a tree. The little boy and girl were none the worse for their experience.

All this excitement did not reach Centralia immediately, where politics furnished the evening's entertainment. After Senator Douglas spoke he received his friends in his private car that was waiting for the northbound train. A roundabout chair in the railroad office was all the comfort offered Candidate Lincoln as he waited for the same train. With him were D. L. Phillips, who had been Lincoln's host at Anna, Henry C. Whitney, a fellow lawyer on the Eighth Circuit, and Simeon Francis of Springfield, secretary of the Agricultural Society.

When the train from Cairo puffed into Centralia the crowd of Fair visitors surged into the cars and Lincoln was lucky to get a seat. Douglas, probably, had only slightly more comfortable a ride in the car lent him by the president of the railroad. The two candidates rode as far as Mattoon, where escorts met them with carriages. The next stop was Charleston, scene of the fourth debate.

At Centralia it was a quiet Saturday. The Fair was over and politics returned to its place in private conversation.

Blue Bells in a Hollow

By BEN H. SMITH

I can remember Blue Bells in a hollow,
In Spring they filled my childhood world with charm.
They grew along the road that used to follow
A little creek that ran from farm to farm.

As a child I walked through them and wondered
Why lovely things were given such short stay,
Why flowers fade — On things like these I pondered,
A boy must think out things in his own way . . .

O happy hours that come in young life only!
If ever I get to heaven and I share
The streets of gold, I know that I'll be lonely
Unless there are some Blue Bells growing there.

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Looking Ahead with Egypt

By WILL GRIFFITH

Mount Carmel

TEN thousand persons attended the fifteenth annual music festival at Mount Carmel, this spring. For a number of years this musical treat has attracted thousands of visitors to the city, "on the banks of the Wabash." Seven hundred musicians were in the parade. Dr. Edwin Franko Goldman, noted composer and band director of New York City, was the guest conductor. Miss Dorothea Gahan of Flora, was the queen of the festival.

Fairfield

On the south side of the courthouse lawn in Fairfield, the citizens of Wayne County are erecting a tribute to the service men and women of the county. Built of concrete and stone, the design is quite different from the prevailing type of service boards.

Carbondale

A band clinic was held at Southern Illinois Normal University a short time before the summer vacation at which many school bands from Egyptian towns participated. Under the direction of Allan H. Bone, the massed bands gave a fine concert at the evening session.

Lawrenceville

A new service board has been erected on the courthouse lawn. Electrically lighted, well designed and executed, this tribute to the fighting men and women of Lawrence County is very effective.

Carbondale

The campaign to raise funds for the McAndrew Memorial is well under way. An intensive drive in Carbondale has resulted in an appreciable increase in the fund. The memorial, designed by the State architect, is to be erected at the entrance to the Stadium of Southern Illinois Normal University. Anyone desiring to contribute in the drive for the final thousand dollars, may send his contribution to the McAndrew Memorial Committee, Carbondale, Illinois. Glenn (Abe) Martin is chairman of the committee.

West Frankfort

In this most terrible of all wars, millions of mothers have given their sons to service for their country. With a great feeling of pride the EGYPTIAN KEY calls to the attention of the entire nation the record of certain West

Massed bands at the band clinic held at S. I. N. U.

Photo by Claron Robertson, Carbondale

Photo by Claron Robertson, Carbondale

Artist's sketch of the McAndrew Memorial to be erected at the entrance to the Stadium, S. I. N. U.

Frankfort mothers. The KEY doubts if this record can be matched by any other city of 15,000 population. Below are the names of these particular war mothers of West Frankfort with the number of sons each has given to the services.

Mrs. Mary Nickelvich—7
Mrs. James B. Warren—5
Mrs. J. M. Avery—5
Mrs. W. C. Raine—4
Mrs. Lester Margelli—4
Mrs. Nick Dynis—4
Mrs. Mary Cagle—4
Mrs. W. E. Batts—4
Mrs. Anna Butta—4
Mrs. Isabelle Hogg—4
Mrs. Mary Gossett—4
Mrs. J. J. Fisk—4
Mrs. Mary Rauback—4
Mrs. Grace Williams—4
Mrs. Andrew Chismar—4
Mrs. B. L. Carlisle—4
Mrs. Mary Slimak—4
Mrs. Lula Parks—4

Every mother who has a son in the service has our admiration and sympathy, but the seventeen mothers listed above, who collectively have seventy-seven sons fighting for the United States, certainly have given to their utmost. A study of the various family names is suggested.

Band Camp at Giant City

The third annual band camp was held recently at Giant City State Park. A. T. Atwood, of Du Quoin, conducts an annual camp for high school boys and girls. For one week recreation is combined with instruction and practice in band, orchestra, and allied work.

If Egypt will give sufficient support to this effort, we can have, in time, an institution for summer musical work that will rival Interlochen, Michigan.

Southern Illinois Incorporated

A forty-eight page brochure, printed in two colors, is in preparation, to be issued by Southern Illinois Incorporated. The brochure is designed to prove to interested industrialists that Egypt is the land of opportunity in which they should establish branch plants for expansion purposes and to which to move in the post-war exodus from the sea boards and the large cities.

There is no doubt that there will be a general reshuffling of industry after the war; a de-centralizing; and a movement to smaller communities. Southern Illi-

Dr. Roscoe Pulliam. Oil painting of the late president by Burnett Shryock, head of the Art Department of Southern Illinois Normal University.

Photo by Claron Robertson, Carbondale

nois Incorporated is planning a campaign aimed to bring into Egypt as many of these industries as possible.

West Frankfort

The Monte Manufacturing Company has been awarded a contract by the Navy Department. This large contract will keep the plant busy for several months, and cause a gradual increase in the number of employees.

Carbondale

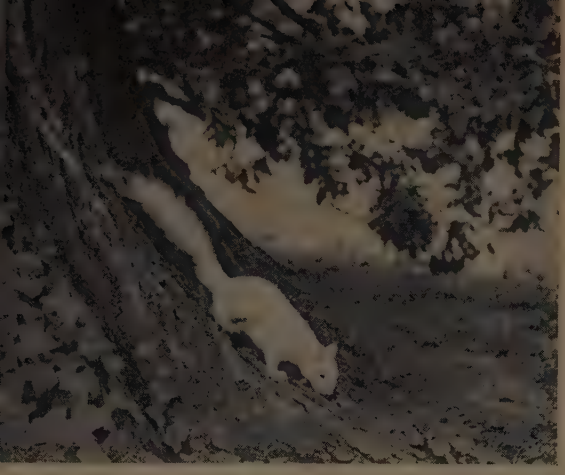
At the commencement exercises of Southern Illinois Normal University, an oil painting of the late president, Roscoe Pulliam, was unveiled. It is a striking likeness of Dr. Pulliam. Burnett H. Shryock, Egypt's well known artist and head of the Art Department of Southern Illinois Normal University, painted the memorial. Anyone desiring to contribute toward the cost of this memorial to President Pulliam may send his contribution to Mrs. Alice Di Giovanna, Alumni Association, Carbondale. The oil painting will be hung along with those of the other past presidents of the university.

Giant City State Park

Giant City State Park Lodge is open and meals and lunches are obtainable in the cafe: Several conventions and meetings have been held at Giant City this summer and the number of visitors to this beautiful state park is very encouraging in view of the limitations on travel now in force.

Herrin

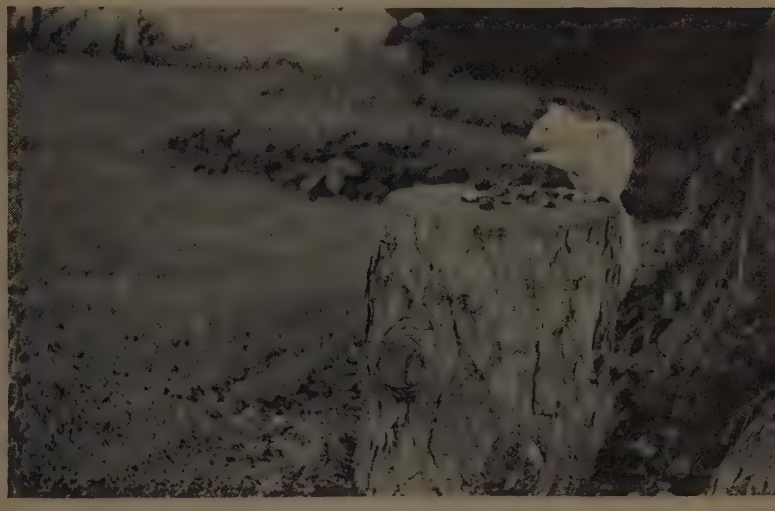
A new business has opened in Herrin. Costume jewelry and household accessories are being manufactured by the Ritchie Manufacturing Company. These products are made from plexiglass and lucite.

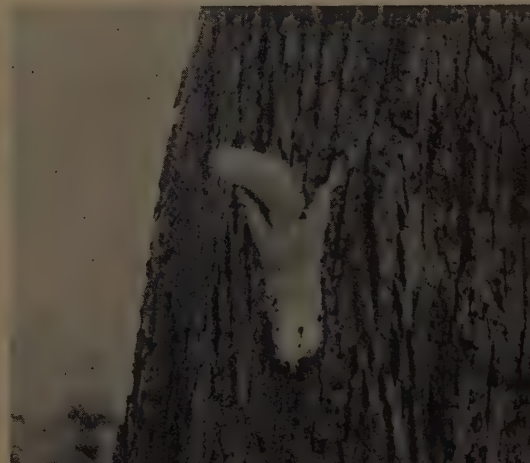


Rare Squirrels

Olney is noted for its white squirrels. A pair were found years ago by a farmer a short distance outside of the city. Brought to town they have thrived and multiplied until today many white squirrels may be seen scampering among the trees of Olney. Any attempt to transplant them to some other part of the United States so far has proven unsuccessful.

Photos courtesy Harvey D. Hays, Olney





Anna-Jonesboro High School

By JOHN T. FARIS

Before the turn of the century, Egypt had many small academies and colleges. Although Union Academy no longer is in existence, its influence is felt.

STRANGERS in Anna, Illinois, exclaim at the view from the hill near the boundary between Anna and Jonesboro, one of the most remarkable views in Illinois. Then when they see, on the left, the equipment of the Anna-Jonesboro Community High School, with its three buildings and its twenty-acre campus, including the natural amphitheater, some ask if they are looking at a college. They are still more amazed when they are told the facts, including the statement that this is the one instance in the State — perhaps in the country — of a public school supported, in part, by a private endowment.

The EGYPTIAN KEY thinks it worth while to tell the story of this institution which has united in friendship two towns once jealous the one of the other. I was asked, as the son of the founder, and a student at the beginning, to tell the history of the school.

Back of the Community School was The Union Academy of Southern Illinois whose story began in 1861 when Dad — later the Reverend W. W. Faris, D.D.—had an academy at Sacramento, California. Ten years later, after army, college, and seminary, he was pastor at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. He came often to Anna. The town attracted him, but not until 1882 did the idea of a school crystalize. Walter H. Willard met him at the Illinois Central station at Anna, where that Anna merchant had gone to see his daughter off for Normal at Carbondale. "We ought to have a school here," Willard said. "Let's think of it!" Dad said.

The result was a meeting of residents of Anna. Dad was there, as well as the Reverend C. W. Sifferd, Lutheran pastor. The latter became co-principal of the school decided on that day, which opened in September, 1883, in an outgrown public school building near the grounds of the Southern Illinois Fair Association.

At the opening forty-seven students appeared. These paid thirty dollars tuition. In spite of the feeling that education should be free, attendance increased, and a larger building was demanded. Two sites were suggested. One was near the Anna Cemetery, the other was on the hill between Anna and Jonesboro. The selection of the latter site proved most fortunate. Gifts from the people of Jonesboro poured in. "For the first time in the history of the two towns did one give notable aid to an institution to be built in the other!" a writer in *The Talk* said gleefully.

In June, 1884, the contract was let for the new building. This had seats for 122 students. The building was opened in October, 1884. The event was celebrated in *The Talk*:

"Academy Hall is finished, furnished, and occupied. Within eighteen months after the first efforts, there is a building costing $4000, covering conveniences seldom secured for $10,000. Special credit should be given to Walter H. Willard and J. H. Spann of Anna, and W. Scott Day of Jonesboro. Jacob Hileman was chairman of the Building Committee. Associated with him were Oliver Alden, J. E. Lufkin, A. D. Finch, and B. F. Mangold."

In 1885, came the first annual gift of $500 from the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies. Union Academy was the first institution of academic grade aided by the Board. The connection with the church was merely nominal; while two-thirds of the trustees had to belong to that church, it was understood that the school was to be free from sectarian bias.

Next came endowment. Little is known today of the herculean efforts of Principal Faris to secure gifts, not only from residents of Egypt, but from friends in the East. Later came endowment from Charles M. Willard, Anna banker, including his homestead and the sightly acreage. Later still, came the legacy of Jacob Benton of Dongola, for whom Benton Hall was named, now one of the group of Community High School buildings.

Came the day when the Academy was no longer needed. It had transformed the educational ideals of the town and the entire region. It had sent out nearly two hundred graduates to be teachers, doctors, lawyers, bankers, ministers, not only in Illinois, but in other sections, and overseas. For instance, down in Cairo, was the Honorable David S. Lansden, graduate later of Princeton. James W. Davie of Jonesboro, after graduating from Lafayette College, became a famous builder in the East. George Edward McCammon became pastor of leading Methodist Churches in Egypt, then President of McKendree College at Lebanon. The Reverend A. H. Reischauer of Jonesboro became a leader in educational work in Tokyo. The Reverend Wallace S. Faris went to China. Another graduate was a teacher in the Philippines. The list is long.

There are those who insist that the development of Anna from what it was in 1883, then a town of 1500, to one of the outstanding towns of its size, is due in large part to the influences emanating from the Academy. Certainly the institution was one of the outstanding causes of the changes.

When the development of the public schools made Union Academy unnecessary, the courts gave permission, on the request of farseeing trustees, to turn over the Academy

buildings to the Community High School, and also to appropriate the proceeds of endowment investments to such educational uses as was thought best. This the court said, would be in accordance with the wishes of donors. Thus the local public school funds receive, annually, appropriations from the funds of the Academy, which amount to some twenty thousand dollars. The corporation, however, must be continued by the trustees.

Where else is there a Community High School with such a background, with such buildings, with grounds that present such a tremendous view off into the Southern Illinois Ozarks?

Dorothy Canfield in one of her books has told of her father, principal of an academy in Maine. One paragraph makes me think of my father—with the exception that he had little financial emolument from the school. Writing of her father's school she said:

"He liked it, he hated it, he believed in it, he was ashamed of it, he wondered how anyone could endure life without the physical exhiliration of sharing youth vitality, he was shocked to horror by the bold egotism of young things, he was proud of his part in education, he blushed to be taking money for it, he thanked heaven for his profession, he wished that he was a paperhanger or a player in a jazz band, he was amazed at the reserves of strength rising up from the depths to cope with the insensate demands on him, he was so sodden with fatigue at night he could scarcely get out of his clothes to go to bed, he rose up in the morning dreading the new day, eager for it."

Because I know so much more of Dad than of his co-principal, Mr. Sifferd, or of outstanding teachers like J. W. Stephens, later of Park College, and Sara Louise Mitchell, long librarian of the Chicago Art Institute, I may be excused if I speak of his work at greater length.

Often I would find the oil lamp in the living-room still warm when,

Natural Amphitheater, Anna-Jonesboro High School Campus.

Photo by Spieth, Centralia

at examination time, I came down to study at four o'clock in the morning; Dad had just gone to bed, after preparing his Latin or Mathematics for next day's classes, or poring over the budget in which a dollar had to do the work of five.

Once, on an ocean steamer, I was talking to a member of his first graduating class — 1887. The speaker was once a farm boy down below Jonesboro, whose father, himself with little education, did not see why the boy should go to academy, and even to college. He knew the reason when his son was making ten times as much as he on his highly productive farm. Here is what the successful son said:

"Dr. Faris made me write the only essay I ever prepared. I hadn't a notion of how to go to work. When I asked him for help he surprised me by seeming to change the subject; he began talking of our farm in the Mississippi Bottoms. Was our land overflowed? Was the overflow of any benefit? In a minute he had me talking of other rivers whose floods benefited the land—the Nile, the Euphrates, etc. I said something about great rivers having a function. At once the man whom I thought had changed the subject said: 'There is your theme! You stated it yourself—The Function of Great Rivers.' I did not get over my surprise before I was answering other questions. In the course of half an hour, he led me to state, myself, all the points in what he said was a very good outline. 'Now go to work!' that wonderful teacher smiled."

"Well, Boss, what ah we waitin fo'?"

Then the man on the steamship continued. "That busy man had taken a solid hour to help me in the most costly way. That was what he was always doing with his students. How did he find the time? Pastor, editor, teacher — the busiest man in the country, the finest teacher I ever knew!"

Some years ago I was riding in Yellowstone Park when the driver called me by name. A young woman in the seat behind said: "Are you that wonderful teacher, Dr. Faris, whom my Elgin friend never tires of describing?" Maybe I wasn't proud to tell her that he was my Dad!

On November 10, 1939, on the grounds of the Community High School, there was dedicated to the memory of the Reverend William Wallace Faris, founder of the Academy, a great stone bench. The maker of the memorial address said:

"Union Academy was not a large school. It probably never had more than 125 students at one time. Nor did it have a very long life — about 35 years of active service . . .

"It is not alone because of his ability to organize and teach, that we are gathered. . . . It was these things, plus the magnificent Christian influence which he had upon every young man and women who ever sat before him in the schoolroom, an influence which they could never get away from. . . . This influence was exerted also on the entire community, making it different from other communities. This influence is still felt.

"May this Memorial on the campus of the Community High School prove an inspiration to teachers to carry on the work, putting about the young men and women that Christian influence which will fit them better to become useful and loyal citizens."

Egyptian Starlight

II. Virginia Herbert

The second in a series dealing with living personalities with Egyptian roots, who are bringing fame and honor to Southern Illinois.

VIRGINIA B. HERBERT was born in Cairo, Illinois, September 7, 1912. She is the daughter of Mrs. Alberta Bradford Herbert and the late Oscar Louis Herbert. A modest young lady, she does not care to speak of herself. If you ask about her work, you then will know that Miss Herbert can be quite vocative. Not to imply that her talk is of her own paintings but rather on the subject of art and her pet theory that one does not need to journey far from home and to foreign lands to find suitable subjects for works of art, especially if one is so fortunate as to live in Egypt, Illinois.

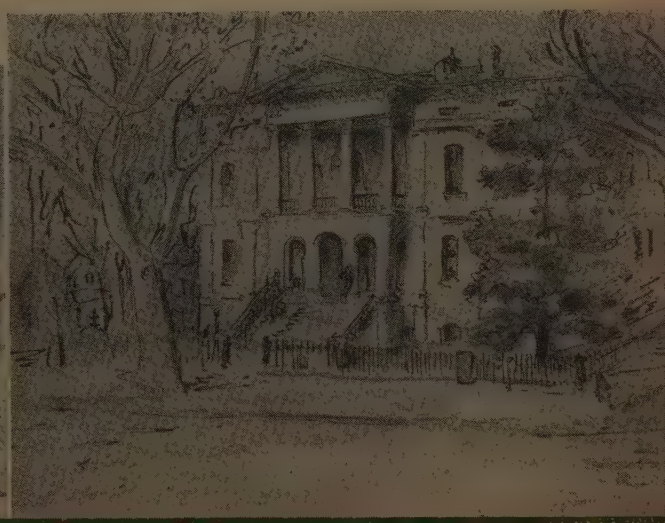
After one year at Pine Manor, Wellesley, Massachusetts and two years at Hollins College, Hollins, Virginia, Miss Herbert entered the Art Institute of Chicago where she majored in drawing and painting under the internationally known Boris Anisfeld. In 1937, she was graduated with the degree B.F.A. and received her diploma in the department of Drawing, Painting, and Illustration.

For her professional work Miss Herbert has chosen, in the main, subjects of her home town. Cairo, a most historic town, has proven an excellent subject for her brush. Writing THE KEY, Virginia Herbert says:

"Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, is a river town that has seen early explorers, J. J. Audubon, Charles Dickens, Civil War gunboats and General Grant's encampments, runaway slaves, the race of the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee*, Mark Twain, Stephen Foster's *Way Down in Ca-i-ro*, three presidents of the United States, Edna Ferber's *Show Boat*, and many river excursions. This is Cairo, Illinois, my home town.

"With only a small amount of imagination anyone can climb to one of our local cupola and hear the far off and long ago calliope playing down on the river, or look through lace cut iron grille and see many folks coming up the moonlight walk to General Grant's reception. Of course, history is not really standing there. However, there still stands the living, breathing, old, familiar landmarks telling the world about their proud, gay, and cultured past. To these old landmarks, I offer my thanks of appreciation. Already they have been inspirational subject matter."

Left—THIS QUIET SNOW. Home of the artist. Built in 1876 by Thomas W. Halliday, former mayor of Cairo. Right—ALEXANDER COUNTY SEAT. Built in 1865 by a local architect. A pleasing example of the Southern adaption of Classical Architecture.



APRIL AT THE GREENWAY. Built by Samuel B. Halliday.

CAIRO'S WATER FRONT. The Halliday Hotel, built 1859, as the St. Charles, later became known as the Halliday. It was compared to the St. Charles of New Orleans and the Planters Hotel of St. Louis. General U. S. Grant and his Northern Officers were quartered in the hotel in 1861. The Halliday was destroyed by fire, 1943.

A WHITE MANSARD. Built by Capt. William Halliday, 1865.

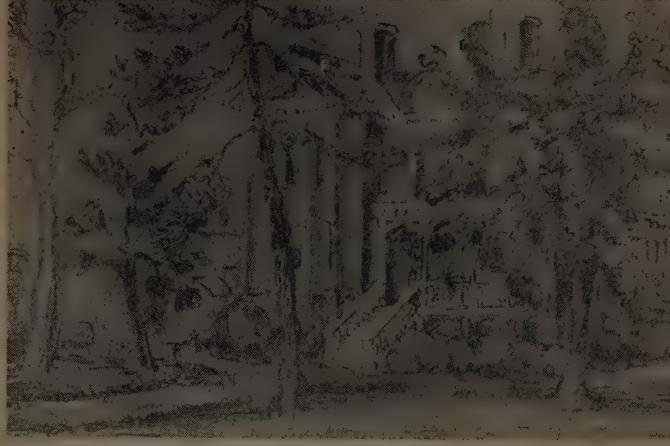
How good subject matter these historic places have been and how excellent has been Miss Herbert's treatment of them, the reproductions herewith offer splendid evidence. As a visual history of that old, romantic city of Cairo, Miss Herbert's paintings tell a fine story.

Miss Herbert had her first exhibit at Gallery House in Chicago in 1939, showing nineteen watercolors. At the All Illinois Society Spring Exhibit in 1940, she offered *Tulips* and at the summer exhibit of the same society *Taxco* and *This Quiet Snow*. In 1941, the Federal

Government purchased *The Magnolias*. During 1941-43, the American Federation of Artists sent on tour her *Cairo's Water Front* and *Alexander County Seat*. At the benefit sale in Washington, D. C., Virginia Herbert donated *Garden Spray* to be sold for the benefit of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund.

This Quiet Snow was again exhibited at the Twentieth International Watercolor Show at the Art Institute in Chicago in 1941. At the second Missouri Annual Show at the City Art Museum, St. Louis, she exhibited; and in 1942-43 *This Quiet Snow* was hung in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, in the Artists for Victory Show.

Four oils and twelve watercolors of Miss Herbert's were displayed this spring at a "one man show" in the Little Gallery, Southern Illinois Normal University, Carbondale.



Right—SUMMER AT HOME. Summer scene of the artist's home. Left—GRANDFATHER'S HOME. Home of the artist's grandparents. Exceptionally outstanding for an exquisite balcony of cast iron grille completely encircling two sides of the house.

Above—POST BELLUM MANSION. A beautful rose brick home now considered an outstanding example in architecture of its day. Built in 1872 for Charles A. Galigher. General and Mrs. Grant were guests in this home in 1880. Left—MAUD'S HOME. Home of Maud Rittenhouse. The diary of Maud put Cairo at the top of the list of best books of the year, 1939. This painting is owned by Mrs. Clarence Keaton of Cairo. Below—THE MAGNOLIAS. Built by Samuel Staats Taylor. Theodore Roosevelt visited in this home. This picture was purchased by the Federal Government to hang as decoration in the P. H. S. Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky.

Photo by Reeves Studio, Zeigler

Collector and Collections

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

Most persons have a hobby but this woman instead of collecting just one particular item has the hobby of collecting many articles.

INDIAN paint pots are as fascinating as circus prize packages. They are rocks, brownish black on the outside, about the size and as irregular as good potatoes. Such rocks are found in abundance between Murray, Kentucky, and the Tennessee River. Having bored a hole with a sharp pointed instrument into one of these rocks, you will find a fine grained colored powder in its center. If you puncture other similar rocks, you will find that the powder may vary in color.

A dozen or more Indian paint pots are in the rock collection of the miniature museum at Fern Hill, the home of Mrs. Mellie E. Wasson, ten miles south of Harrisburg, Illinois, on State Highway 34.

In the yard to the south of the house stands an old carpet loom, a warping rack and a huge dye pot. Around, over, and under the loom are rocks, rocks, and more rocks, a collection of rocks of many kinds, shapes, and colors. Practically every state in the Union is represented, some by many specimens. There are petrified pieces and stones weatherworn into odd shapes. The animal and bird shaped ones seem to fascinate Mrs. Wasson most, but the Indian paint pots "got me."

Left—Mrs. Mellie E. Wasson (right) with sister, Mrs. Vester Stewart, standing by old loom. Part of Mrs. Wasson's rock collection shows in picture. Right—Mrs. Wasson cards a roll to spin on the old flax wheel.

Photos by Reeves Studio, Zeigler

One hot day recently, I drove off the highway, through the trees, over the brown sandstone bridge across the flat-rock floored brook, and up the slope to find Mrs. Wasson at her cool attractive summer home. She spends the winters in Carrier Mills, Illinois. Val Wasson planned Fern Hill as a country retreat to be built in the old-fashioned log cabin style, but found he had to go into the woods on his Womble Mountain farm and not only direct the cutting of the logs, but, himself, make the notches at the ends so that the logs would lock together correctly. No present day woodsman knew the tricks. He also built the sandstone fireplace and chimney.

Though the house construction is of native stone and logs, it is not a summer cottage. From a spacious stone and concrete front porch, one enters a hardwood floored living room, 18x30 feet, with the stone fireplace at the south end. Centered back of the living room is an inviting kitchen-dining room, 16x18 feet, flanked on each side by a bedroom. Four airy, light rooms complete

Right—Mrs. Wasson and granddaughter, Helen Wasson, in the garden at Fern Hill. Below—Mrs. Wasson (left) and sister, Mrs. Stewart, in yard at Fern Hill. Portion of Mrs. Wasson's gourd collection shows in left foreground.
Photos by Reeves Studio, Zeigler

Two views, showing the two ends of the large living room at Fern Hill, home of Mrs. Mellie E. Wasson. In front of the fireplace are several gourds made into chicken designs by Mrs. Wasson.

Photos by Reeves Studio, Zeigler

the house. On the wall of the front porch hangs a bronze plaque which tells that in August, 1938, and again in 1940, Fern Hill won the Governor Henry Horner Floral Contest as the most attractive home in Saline County.

Photo by Reeves Studio, Zeigler

Penny, watchdog of Fern Hill.

Mrs. Wasson is a collector of collections. She has china, glassware, pottery, coverlets (four of her mother's and some other interesting old patterns); an old brass bound cedar churn, a flax wheel, a fern leaf petrified in slate from Wasson Mine Number One, and a huge bread tray with a painting of Fern Hill thereon. The five hundred gourds which constitute Mrs. Wasson's favorite collection, were raised in her fine garden. Incidentally, she has twelve acres along the highway, five of them in the wood lot in which the house sits atop a knoll. The garden lies to the south of the house.

The granddaddy of the gourd collection is a monster one, like a big bowl, about two feet across. It came from Kentucky many years ago. Mrs. Wasson decorates the gourds she raises, showing a clever technique, and a fine eye for color. Some are painted or varnished and polished; some are wired with legs, small gourds added for heads so that the shapes resemble chickens.

Mrs. Mellie Parker Wasson was born and reared near Murray, Kentucky. In her home are many antiques collected from the garrets, tobacco-barns, and smokehouses of her old Tennessee and Kentucky relatives and neighbors. The furniture either had been much painted, or discarded. She discovered a marble topped sideboard, two walnut bureaus, a flax wheel, a dozen or more Jenny Lind beds, a high walnut chest, a small one with a drawer and legs, a Jenny Lind "settle" and other treasures. After bringing her finds to Fern Hill, Mrs. Wasson spent many hours of hard work and fun, cleaning each piece down to the natural wood and refinishing it. The andirons are from her grandparents' place in Pope County, Illinois.

The five Wasson children live within a few miles; Fred H. and Miss Carrie Belle in Carrier Mills; Chester P. and Dewey L. in Eldorado, and Mrs. Mabel M. Dean in Harrisburg. Four grandsons, now in service, and five granddaughters know all the woods trails around Fern Hill.

Since her husband's death, in 1931, Mrs. Wasson has had Penny, a beautiful pure white Spitz, as her constant companion. She says, "I am never lonesome. The children and their children spend many happy hours with me. Fern Hill is a favorite stopping place for friends passing between Golconda and Harrisburg."

It was past iris time when I visited Fern Hill. Earlier in the spring many varieties of iris decorate the garden and hillsides and border the winding drive from the highway to the house. Mrs. Wasson says iris cultivation is her "second-rate hobby," the gourds ranking first.

When I expressed amazement at her ambition and pep, Mrs. Wasson proudly informed me that she works her large garden herself. Rack after rack of potato-onions drying in the backyard were eyed with envy. This is not just a victory garden, it's an old fashioned family garden. Mrs. Wasson also drives her own car and goes to town or to visit her children whenever she desires.

Stop and visit Mrs. Wasson, she will be happy to show you her collections.

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Illinois' First Packer

By LILLIAN GODDARD

Forerunner of Swift and Armour, a Frenchman, almost two and a half centuries ago, started a packing business in Southern Illinois.

IT WAS late November, 1702, and an odd time for traveling. Ice would soon be forming on the river, and winter already was breaking forth with an occasional flurry of snow. An expedition, consisting of a group of canoes, filled with men and supplies, was struggling up the Ohio River. Where was it going at this time of the year? Who led such a band of men?

The story begins in 1701, on June 4, when Louis XIV of France signed a patent granting Charles Juchereau de St. Denys the right to set up tanneries in the Mississippi valley. He was awarded the tannery patent because of his staunch support of the king, and also for the fact that he was appointed, at one time, as the first royal judge of Montreal. All this afforded him added prestige, and the king thought that the grant should, naturally, go to Juchereau. This Frenchman conceived the idea of establishing a tannery, where he planned to tan the hides of numerous wild buffaloes in the valley.

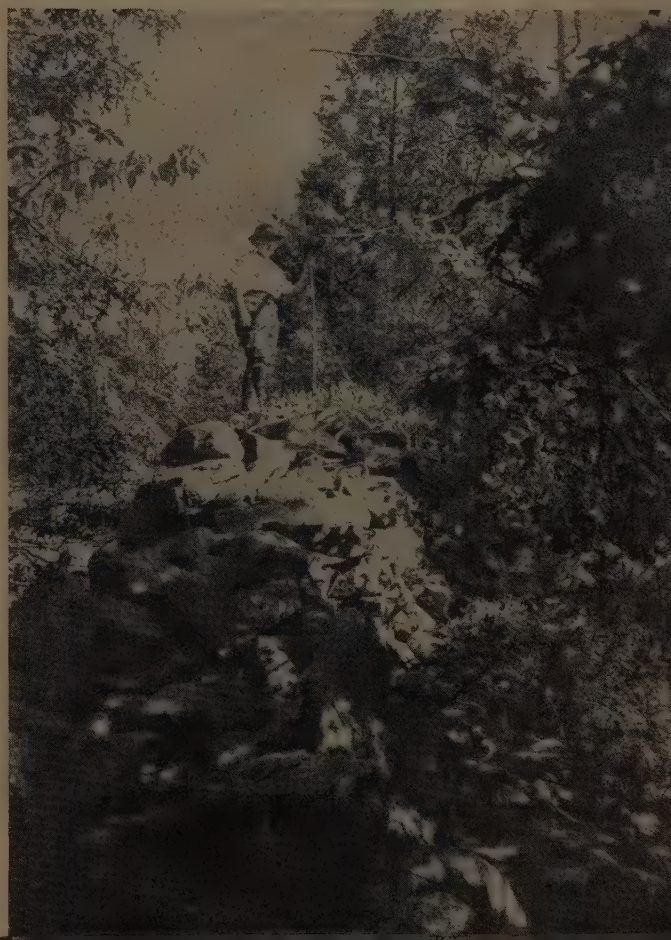
The signed grant provided, though, for several unusual allowances. It contained statements to the effect that Juchereau could proceed down the Mississippi with a given number of men and canoes; he could take along whatever tools necessary and all the merchandise needed, with the exception of brandy. He might take along "spirits" for use by the Frenchmen, but not for the purpose of trade, or barter, among the red savages. Juchereau could barter in any kind of pelts, except in beaver skins. In the case of lead or copper deposits that he might happen to locate in the course of his trip, Juchereau had permission to mine them — provided he claimed them in the name of the King of France. A chaplain should make a very important member of the expedition, for he would conduct Mass, and administer sacraments to the men of the crew. This chaplain ought to have the approval of the Bishop of Quebec, or in his absence, the approval of the Vicar General. Other than these restrictions, laid down by Louis XIV, Juchereau had a free hand in the organization of his tannery.

The party consisted of some thirty men in his class level, men who would share as co-partners in the expedition, a servant for each man, tanners with their own helpers, workmen, a surgeon, and some fifty armed soldiers. These men had seen service, but were not employed in the king's army. Other members of the expedition were the two Jesuit chaplains, Father Jean Mermet of the Miami mission, and Father Marest.

When all arrangements for the expedition were completed, the group proceeded down a water-course by way of the Straits of Mackinac in Michigan, and the Fox-Wisconsin portage, and on via the Mississippi River to the site of the tannery. Juchereau was ordered to halt once en route by members of the Fox Indian tribe, who demanded to know if he intended to trade with the Sioux tribe. Juchereau proved to them that he had no such intentions, and was permitted to resume his river voyage, after he had forfeited a tribute of one thousand écus (about one thousand dollars).

Juchereau's party landed on the Isle au Detroit, near the site of the present town of Fayville, Illinois, at the head of Island Number Twenty-two, now Burnham's Island, and from there proceeded overland to what was later named Va Bache where the tannery was founded.

Prehistoric wall, probably erected to form a pound, at Indian Kitchen. Mrs. W. V. Rathbone stands on top of wall.
Photo by W. V. Rathbone



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It was Juchereau's idea to tour the remainder of the journey on foot, for he had heard that the Ohio River had dangerous currents. A few men were left to man the boats, and to bring them in safely. The foot travelers arrived at the designated point several days before the boatmen. A guide, furnished by Roenza to Juchereau, eased the overland journey. Father Marest, good friend of Roenza and sometimes chaplain at his camp, was instrumental in obtaining the guide. Roenza, an Indian chief, then was in his winter quarters near the present town of Olive Branch, a short distance from Horseshoe Lake.

Father Mermet named the Cache River. After the expedition left what is today Olive Branch, it proceeded on to Sandy Creek, down it nearly to its mouth, then up the Cache River to the "big drift," a mile below the present town of Tamms. While crossing the drift, Father Mermet remarked, *"Ce crique est cache"* ("This creek is hidden.") Thus the naming of the River Cache.

Two tanneries, one at Michillimackinac, on the northern shore of Michigan, and the other near the mouth of the Ohio River, a short distance from what is now Cairo, Illinois, were established. The latter site was chosen because Juchereau had visited the *trafiquer post,* a post set up by Frenchmen for the purpose of bargaining with the Indians for their furs in trade for brandy and trinkets, and he thought it the best location for his new business. This location he named Va Bache.

The exports of these tanneries, to be shipped to France, were to consist solely of tanned buffalo hides, and pickled tongues; the latter a delicacy for French artistocrats' dinner tables. The meat, which Juchereau thought useless, was to be left to rot on the bone.

The trip was over, but the tannery was just an infant, so to speak. Many difficulties faced the weary adventurers. Great, massive oak trees had to be cut, trimmed and prepared for tan-vats; tan-bark to make leather had to be gathered. Shelter for the men had to be constructed since good skins must be allowed to soak for seven years in the vats. Protection must be furnished also, for the camp was in the midst of hostile Indian territory. A dozen *huttes,* or hunting lodges, were erected for this purpose, and a huge cistern was dug. Soldiers were entrenched on top of *Butte Petite* about one hundred feet above the lodges where they had an excellent view in every direction.

The hunt for buffalo skins took the traders over four states, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; up the Au Vase, now the Big Muddy River; up the Wabash; up the Cumberland and the Tennessee; and other nearby streams. It is claimed that one season alone Juchereau and some hundred of his men slew thirteen thousand buffaloes! The tanning process was one thing — killing the buffalo was another. Bows and arrows, and crudely chiseled rocks formed the only weapons the Indian had known for doing away with these beasts. The white man had guns, but decided upon the "buffalo-trap," "pound" or, as the French said, *vache enclore,* as the method to be used in destroying the beasts. The men would let the herds graze near the edge, getting them together in these *vache enclore,* and at a strategic time stampede them. In the excitement many buffaloes would be forced over the cliff to their death, sometimes falling as far as three hundred feet, onto the rocks below.

No definite proof can be found that this method was first developed by the Cherokee Indians, but all facts

point toward them as being the originators of the plan. One incident describing the effect of these *vache enclore* is told by Lewis and Clark. On their expedition to the Northwest, they found a high bluff up along the Missouri and saw hundreds of buffalo bones at the foot of it. Learning that the Blackfeet Indians had stampeded the buffalo herds over the side of the cliff, they named the stream, "Slaughter River."

Thirteen thousand buffalo skins, weighing forty pounds each, totaled five hundred and twenty thousand pounds (two hundred and sixty tons)—all of which had to go back to the tannery for curing. It took one man forty-five minutes to skin a buffalo. These two facts account for the nine months it took for the party to kill, skin, and ship the hides to camp. The transportation of these hides was a problem. It was evident that the men could not carry the hides to the camp, so they were taken to various scheduled "water-courses" where they were left, under guard, until boats came after them.

Juchereau's men, doing so well with their hide and tongue trade, became greedy, and wanted more money. They killed enormous quantities of wild buffaloes, but they had not counted on trouble with the Indians. Despite any other traits which the Indian might have had, he was not wasteful. His religion had taught him that wild game was the gift of the Manitou (Great Spirit) and should not be killed except for food and clothing. Juchereau's wholesale slaughter caused great wrath among the Indians. Other traders, up from New Orleans, worried about the huge killings of the buffaloes which were ruining their fur trade. It was because of this worry that they furnished the Indians with guns and equipment with which to make war on Juchereau's camps.

The Indians knew the Frenchmen were well armed, even to having a few small cannons at Va Bache. The red men knew, also, that they must accomplish their purpose by stealth. They planned to trap the few men guarding each depot at this time of year, the "dark of the moon." Darkness was essential to the success of the plan. One morning the men stationed at the Francefort depot heard the call of a turkey gobbler. Two of them went out to get the turkey, and when they failed to return, two others investigated. The rest were tomahawked in their huts. Similar episodes took place at the other depots. The massacre of the men at Fort Massac while a few went across the river to investigate the bears is a familiar story. All the camps, including Va Bache, at the head of the Grand Chain of Rocks, on the Ohio; at Massac, near Belle Garde; at Frank Fort, then known as Francefort; and at Kinkaid Hill, in the present Jackson County, suffered the same fate. All of Juchereau's men were killed except Father Mermet who had gone to Kaskaskia on a religious mission. Juchereau, captured by the Indians, was not put to death and managed to escape.

Three theories were developed explaining the escape of Juchereau. One is the story of Juchereau's mother, a patroness of the Hotel Dieu in Montreal, who had a dream-vision in which she saw a close relative in a far-off land in dire circumstances. At first, she thought the vision the result of over-eating, and tried to forget it. The vision continued so strongly, though, that she finally believed her son in danger, and prayed to the miracle-worker, Saint Francis Xavier, for her son's

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safety. A fog, so thick that the human eye could not pierce it, was supposed to have wrapped itself about the body of Juchereau, and thus, he escaped. This story has persisted for many years as no Canadian, during the time, dared doubt the mystic powers of the good Saint Francis, for he had been known to do many other feats — more difficult, even, than the freeing of Juchereau.

Another tradition has it that Juchereau had spent a score of years in Canada where he learned, very quickly, several Indian tongues. Luckily he had found in his Indian prison a container of Indian paints; red, green, black, yellow, and orange, and a robe of a tribesman. Hearing the firing of guns, which the Indians had taken from his men, Juchereau guessed that his hours on earth were numbered. He conceived the plan of dressing in the robe, and painting his face and body to match those of the Indians. Thus disguised, he mingled among the Indians, and escaped.

The third traditional escape story tells of one overnight camp Juchereau and a traveling companion made because they were quite a distance from their base at nightfall. On awakening the next morning, they heard the noise of cannons and the war whoops of an unfriendly Indian tribe. Suspecting a battle, they hid in the thicket until the Indians had departed, then returned to the base to bury the dead, some headless, some practically slashed open — all bloody, gory corpses. Space was so limited that often they placed five or six bodies in one grave.

Before their departure, from the ruined camp, Juchereau and his friend dug up a box containing the pooled money of all the party, and started eastward. They were soon discovered by another group of Indians and the companion was killed. Juchereau escaped, and made his way to Sharp's Bayou. Half a mile from there, he reburied the money box. Proceeding on to the settlement of Francefort, formerly Nataogami, Juchereau related the story of the massacre to a young Canadian, Jean Coopre. He, with a friend, took a disguised Juchereau to Kaskaskia where Juchereau lived until his death in 1705. Father Mermet spoke the last rites over him.

The last traditional escape story is probably the nearest correct. Two facts tend to prove this. When William Piatt, in 1835, selected the knoll, on which the defenses had been, as a site for his double log cabin, he found the bones of the soldiers Juchereau claimed to have buried. The second fact proving the authenticity of this escape story is the death of Father Mermet. It has been established that he died on September 17, 1715, thus making it possible for him to have spoken last rites over the body of Juchereau.

Truth is often stranger than fiction. It was Reuben Gold Thwaites who translated the story of Va Bache, having obtained his information from several one hundred and eighty year old prints which he discovered in a French library. He did not claim to be the author of the tale, merely its translator.

Though it could be supposed that Juchereau was a bachelor, he was not. After his death, his widow remarried. This time she took the vows with one Louis Lienard de Beaujeu of Montreal. Out of this marriage were to come two outstanding sons: Daniel-Haucinthe-Marie de Beaujeu, who defeated General Braddock on the Monongahela River, and Abbe Louis de Beaujeu,

later to become the confessor of Louis XIV. The story of Charles Juchereau de St. Denys, born in Quebec, Canada, on December 6, 1655, is full of color and romance — the tale of a Frenchman who established the first known tannery in the Northwest Territory. A man, dressed in a crude cloth outfit, with an oddly shaped, and more oddly fitting, coon skin cap, who, with some other men, clothed in similar attire, herded thousands of wild buffaloes into the *enclore.*

The Frenchmen fired rifles into the air to frighten the animals, and they in turn, though frightened, pushed many of their own herd over the cliff. Some say, in the shadows of evening, that the bellow of these animals as they pitched, headlong, to their death can still be heard, and their faint, last whimper, coming up the valley can be heard at the full of the moon.

Juchereau, dead these many years, probably had no idea to what his small establishment would lead in the twentieth century. His small camp for the tanning of buffalo hides and the pickling of buffalo tongues was a forerunner to Swift and Armour, and many, many other huge meat packing corporations, yet all of these possibly learned through Juchereau, or some other succeeding meat processor, the possibilities of the business.

Thus ends the story of Charles Juchereau de St. Denys — first meat packer of Illinois.

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A Heavy Responsibility

A golden opportunity is that faced by the Illinois State Normal Board. There is a vacancy in the presidency of Southern Illinois Normal University. Under the plan for the development of this institution into a complete university, a stupendous job is ahead of the incoming president.

The new president should not be a Republican, nor a Democrat; he should not be a politician; he should not be a novice. He should be a man of size, a man of ability, a man of unquestionable integrity and morals, a capable man, a dynamic man, a man gifted with sense and vision.

Many persons are interested in the choice for this office. Many and varied recommendations have been made. Suggestions and petitions have been offered. The EGYPTIAN KEY does not make so bold as to suggest or offer to the board any names. The KEY has only one interest in the presidency of S.I.N.U. The KEY realizes possibly more than does the board, the great need in Southern Illinois for a real university. A university functioning for the good of the entire area. A university fulfilling its destiny.

If the university is looked upon as a big business and if the Normal Board will look at the matter as if they were the stockholders and the directors of such a business concern — they will act wisely and well in their selection.

There is no doubt that the choice of the new president is a vital act as far as Southern Illinois is concerned. The future of the area is linked to the future of the school. If the school prospers and grows, and thereby takes its true place in the area life, just so much will the area prosper and develop. The university will be a good or a bad advertisement for Egypt. As stockholders in a million dollar business, as representatives of citizens of Illinois, and as the caretakers of the characters and careers of the oncoming youth of Egypt, the board has a serious and vital task.

Speaking for ourselves, we do not care whether the new president has a Ph. D. degree, a D. D. degree, or a Fahrenheit degree. What we feel is necessary is a man of character, vision, will, and drive. A business man would make the ideal president. The president can hire all the teachers and professors necessary to instruct the students. It is a known fact that most successful college professors are impractical men. Why, then, must the president of a school be drawn from the ranks of impractical men?

Turn the searchlight back a few years and consider the history of that Illinois school now known as MacMurray College. Who built it through its formative years? What degrees did he have? The answer is none. Take Wabash College in Indiana. Who is its president? A man who made a fortune manufacturing heaters for automobiles. Is he going places? Ask Wabash. Why must we feel that a scholastically trained man is necessary for the head of a college?

The president of a college must be able to deliver a passibly good speech at the drop of a hat, make quick and good decisions, and must be able to get the money. The last is the really important job.

At Southern during the next ten years, the important job is going to be to get the money. To get the money for new buildings, for new equipment, for a larger, stronger, and better paid faculty, for service to the area, for the furtherance of its planned purposes.

The EGYPTIAN KEY offers the one suggestion to the Normal Board: As stockholders and directors of a large institution, select a man qualified to do the job ahead, without regard to the letters that he can put after his name; without regard to his political affiliations; a man who will build not tear down; a man who will measure up to the standard of college presidents throughout the nation; a man of whom the area will be proud; a man of whom the board will be proud. If it is necessary to raise the remuneration of the office to get a big enough man, raise it.

Southern Illinois Normal University needs a good president and needs him now!

Times Will Change

The majority of times that we enter a business establishment to spend a few pennies, we get mad. Trained several years ago in the art of selling to a customer, we get mad today at the more or less universal "dis-treatment" accorded to customers.

We are fully aware of the rigors of doing business in war time. We have much to contend with of which the average reader of the KEY never knows. All businesses have their troubles today.

Is that the fault of the customer?

He comes to your place of business, in person, or by phone, or by mail, and asks you to accord him the privilege of spending some money with you. The presumption is that you will make an earned increment on any sale you make to him. He is your bread and butter. Why insult him? Why turn him away?

Those merchants and clerks who say: "Don't you know there's a war on?" or "How do you expect us to get stuff to sell these days?" or "That's all we've got, do you want it or not?" may be getting by today but what of the next few years? When the war is over, when times become normal again, the customer again will be in the driver's seat. Many will remember the attitude of certain merchants and do their buying elsewhere.

It is a tough world today — the world of business. War has caused many shortages and much delay and confusion. Nevertheless, the wise, far sighted merchant is not going to forget the fundamental basis of success—satisfied customers. Next to a satisfied customer is a non-customer who thinks of the merchant as a fine fellow trying to treat his prospective customers in a courteous manner.

It may be good accounting practice to carry "good will" on your books at an asset value of one dollar, but, actually, if it is good will it is worth many times that amount. If it is ill will, it is a liablity rather than an asset and a liability that may in the lean days spell disaster.

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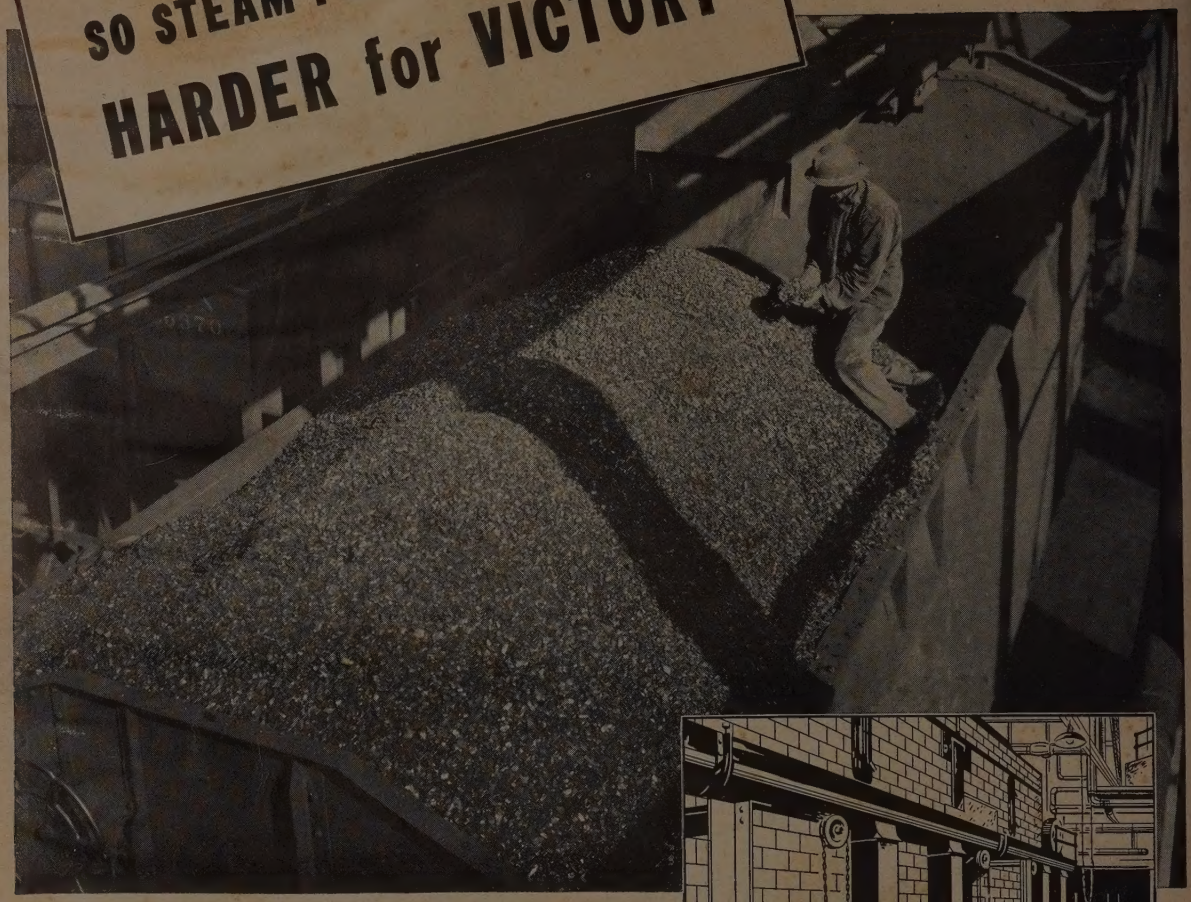

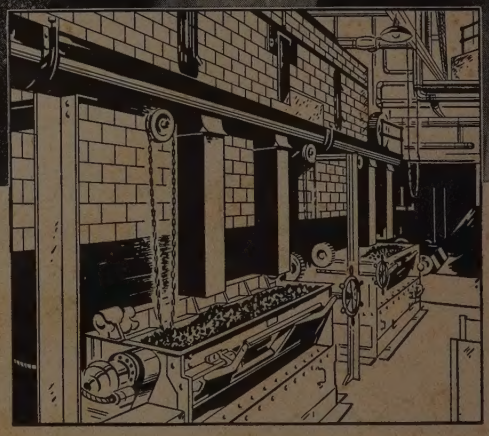

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